




SHEWYN HOUSE 79

MACAULAY





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SELWYN HOUSE '79

MONTREAL, QUEBEC

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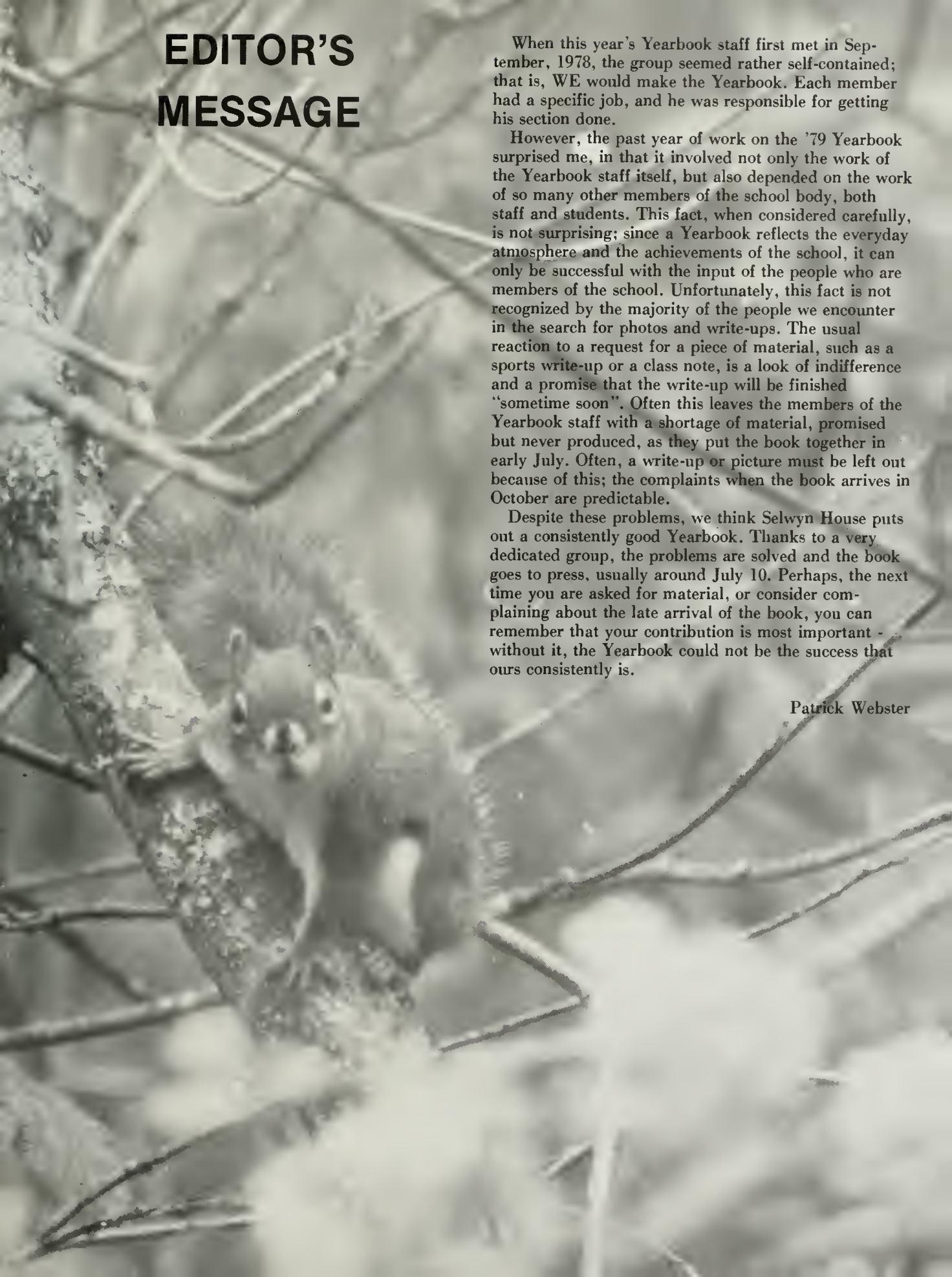
EDITOR'S MESSAGE

When this year's Yearbook staff first met in September, 1978, the group seemed rather self-contained; that is, WE would make the Yearbook. Each member had a specific job, and he was responsible for getting his section done.

However, the past year of work on the '79 Yearbook surprised me, in that it involved not only the work of the Yearbook staff itself, but also depended on the work of so many other members of the school body, both staff and students. This fact, when considered carefully, is not surprising; since a Yearbook reflects the everyday atmosphere and the achievements of the school, it can only be successful with the input of the people who are members of the school. Unfortunately, this fact is not recognized by the majority of the people we encounter in the search for photos and write-ups. The usual reaction to a request for a piece of material, such as a sports write-up or a class note, is a look of indifference and a promise that the write-up will be finished "sometime soon". Often this leaves the members of the Yearbook staff with a shortage of material, promised but never produced, as they put the book together in early July. Often, a write-up or picture must be left out because of this; the complaints when the book arrives in October are predictable.

Despite these problems, we think Selwyn House puts out a consistently good Yearbook. Thanks to a very dedicated group, the problems are solved and the book goes to press, usually around July 10. Perhaps, the next time you are asked for material, or consider complaining about the late arrival of the book, you can remember that your contribution is most important - without it, the Yearbook could not be the success that ours consistently is.

Patrick Webster





DEDICATION

Regrettably, we must make our vales to Mr. G.C. Ian Burgess, longtime teacher of English and head of that department at Selwyn. Mr. Burgess must be given the credit for building an English programme that is undisputably one of the best anywhere and for inspiring us all in our creative endeavours - especially through **THE FOURTH DIMENSION**, the literary magazine which was his brainchild. No one who was ever in his class can forget the thoroughness of his lectures, the meticulousness of his correction, or his much-welcomed advice in selecting books for study. He will surely exhibit this same dedication and interest when he leaves us for Ridley College, in St. Catharines, Ontario in the Fall. The best of luck to you, Sir, and we shall once again "beg leave to see your kingly eyes."

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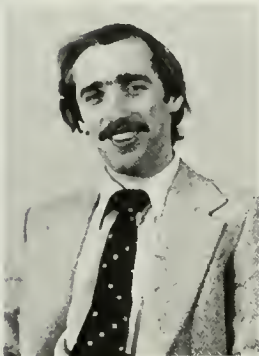
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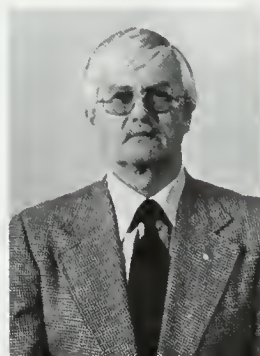
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M. McDermott



I. D. Burch



T. H. I. Roberts



M. Scott



GRADS



EDMOND-JEAN BERNARD

At last, the time has come to leave this (!?) school. It's a great feeling, believe me! (Many interpretations.)

Good friends, good times ... GOODBYE!



ANDREW BLACK

Andrew, responsible prefect that he was, was too busy mopping floors this year to write his grad note. Although he did find time to satisfy his appetite for RIBS (or Foose Bear).



ANDY BROCINER

Activities; Tennis, Curling, Chess, Weightlifting. Andy's been with us for five years now. During this time he has been caught doing many things. He has spent, as far as we know, more hours (days?) at the yellow door Coffee House than anyone else in Montreal. He has attained perfection at imitating Litvack's voice, and mastered the art of writing a year's worth of Haiku in one English class. As any girl who passes Selly will testify, he has more brilliant opening lines ("I love you"; "My place or yours"; "If you've got the time, I've got the place") than anyone in the school. What really makes him really stand out, though, is his new Pontiac Firebird Formula, all equipped with V-8; 350 H.P. Engine; AM-FM cassette stereo; dual exhaust; tinted glass - what more need we say?

Parting thought: "You can take the boy out of Selwyn House, but you can't take the Selwyn house out of the boy."

A Friend

JEAN PHILIPPE BRY



His birth in Necilli, France gave Phil his continental attributes; New York, His cosmopolitan ... then there is Brockville, which must have given him every interesting moment of his life which he has recounted (over and over and over again) to his fellow students for the four years that he has been with us.

He has amazed us in his transition from grade eight quaker to his "Casanova" - like way with women, Bruce Jenner - like athletic prowess (soccer, football, rugby and senior hockey team captain), to his ravenous appetite for RIBS - SPARE THE SAUCE!!

Sincere good luck to Phil in whatever he may pursue in life, whether it be Ambassador to Cambodia or general success. And to all his associates the same good wishes while they listen to his stories of Necilli and Brockville over and over and ...

His Friends



KENNETH BURNS

"Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race."

- A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN,
James Joyce.



JOHN CAPLAN

John Caplan has been at the school for nine years. He has taken place in many extra-curricular activities within the school, but, unfortunately, we can't remember any. Rumour has it that John is wanted by the F.B.I. and the Canadian Immigration Bureau for hiding illegal immigrants up his nose. John will long be remembered for his famous lunch sermons in which he tells the life and death story of a Pakistani grass-cutter, or of the secret activities of the K.G.B. Many teachers will be sure to remember John for his "activities". For example, in grade seven biology class, John cut up a dissected frog into little pieces and left them in his dissecting pan. But John is leaving this year (sob!!), and I'm sure the school will miss him. Good luck, John!

- His Friends -

CHRIS CHAPMAN

During his unpredictable rise to fame at Selwyn, Norton has become a definite asset to the school, and is well liked to the point of being adopted by Barry Williams. An outstanding non-athlete, Norts has not been on football, soccer, hockey, basketball, and rugby teams for the past five years. He has also not earned many academic awards. Norty has managed to soil his good name by receiving the Mark Beresford Memorial Award for academic ineptitude. Norton (sometimes called Chris) is a master at the bad pun, the rotten one-liner, and the stolen joke, and is often hit for his tasteless comments before, during and after class. He is also a mine of non-information. An hour spent with Chris is better than a year in barber college.

SOME MEMORABLE STATEMENTS: "Spam"; "Elwood lives"; Hello Chris' sister"; "Nudge, nudge"; "Hi Muff"; "Secks"; "Hey cheesy baby"; "Homework? You're kidding, right?"; "Hi, Dad"; " Well let's hear you try to be funny".

JEAN-FRANCOIS CHENIER

Hi! Welcome to my grad note. Hope you like it but, if you don't ... well, that's life. Are you comfortable? Okay ... Let's go.

Perhaps I should start by saying that I'm going to keep this humble. True, I could rave about my perfonistic achievements in debating and on the squash court, or dwell on the fact that I'm a genius (though my marks don't necessarily indicate it!); however, that's just not my style. I would rather be imperliguous. Therefore, all I want to say is that Selwyn House has been one of the greatest stonfabulations that has ever happened to me, and, though I hate to sound as if I'm blowing my own horn, that I have been one of the greatest things that has ever happened to Selwyn House.

STEPHEN FONG

Well, after all those years, those ethnic jokes are now really getting the best of me. I'm sure you long, pointy nosed, hairy people with pale faces can understand that ... right?
Bye-Bye now.



GIOVANNI GALEOTTI

Ambition: Marooned on Tahiti
 Probable Destination: Italian Tycoon
 Awards: never enough
 Claim to Fame: Being called the "Italian Stallion"
 Pet Peeve: Not being the "Italian Stallion"
 Favourite Saying: "How's life?"
 Parting Words: Good-bye (you sucks!)



RICHARD GRAHAM

Richard, being the individualistic soul that he was, was too busy taking up astrophysics (space) to write a grad note this year.



ASHVINI GURSAHANEY

Over the years that we have known Gursh, he has come across as a well-organized, bright, enthusiastic, person, but what happened in grade 11? Besides being a scholar, he is also known for his exploits on the badminton courts and a very "flukey" volleyball spike. His activities include photography club, math club, badminton team, and part time leisure team member. His claim to fame; having his name pronounced Gurshaaaney by Zuby and Gursanai by Deguire, having a disco hairstyle earlier in the year, and being the only non-Jewish person in Cote - St. - Luc.

A Friend



PAUL KORN

Paul, being the unusual type he is, was too busy practicing his stretching exercises to write a grad note this year.



DAVID KREDL

Dave has been at Selwyn House for six years. Through those half-dozen years, he has come a long way from a two-tone C. P. Rail train to a two-door Mustang hatchback. He is recognized for his photography, chess, sound effects, (especially wars and jungles), as well as being the skip of the senior curling team. I will always remember Dave for his attempts in pretending to do work for the last six years. He is most remembered, however, for his strategical moves with girls, especially on ski trip buses. Dave has been seen with Al, his partner, at many high class restaurants such as Ruby Foo's and Harvey's, as well as many known sports centres such as St. Sauveur, Nun's Island Tennis Club and Benny's pool hall. Dave - for you it's a chemistry lab and an O'Keefe.

Big Al

Thanks Al, and here's to you with O'Keefe.

Dave



ROBERT LANDE

Rob is one of those consummately lucky individuals who hit Selly eleven years ago (gasp). Consequently he has truly benefited from the devoted handful of teachers who serve to enrich our minds (?). Not only his capability to think, but his palate has been refined by these years of exquisite dining. Most noticeably, however, he has gained the privilege of associating with the social elite of Westmount (a privilege rarely bestowed on those who live out in the boonies).

Widely renowned for his success in teaching squash, "Babs" is also an accomplished piano player, skilled at tennis, and a weekend sex god. The poor boy must unfortunately refrain from these activities periodically (after Christmas, to be exact), since this is when he recovers from his post-vacation sunburn. His codical involvement as editor of the school newspaper has been highly productive, to say the most.

In conclusion, we would like to say that "Babs" has been an invaluable asset to the student body. His undying wit has punctuated many a Physics class this year, and has often helped us through the day.

--His Friends

ARNOLD LAZARE

Ambition: Engineer Probable Destination: Standing outside a cigar store Activities: Curling, wrestling, science club. Pet Peeve: English critical essay done on the Sunday before due. Claim to Fame: Becoming a prefect with six weeks of school left. Cherished memory: Science club trip to Toronto. Favorite Sayings: Wooosh I'm not American! I'm not Canadian! I'm North American!

To all the people at Selwyn House

Nia: Wen

(Thank You in Mowhawk)

TOBY LENNOX

Toby is a conscientious student, and has always tried to involve himself in everything; but this year he was, unfortunately, unsuccessful. He was not able to join the G.M.A.A. Chess team or the Culinary Arts Club because they ran into his time for skiing, judo, debating, Public Speaking, studying, working, and worst of all, his social life. Even being popular hasn't affected his modesty. When he was called to accept the prefect pin, he turned around and said: "Who me?" If you will excuse the cliché, Toby has added a great deal to the class, has been a good friend, and has been a backbone for the school. I am sure he will be remembered for many years for his effort in making this one a good school year. Many good wishes and good luck in the future.

WILLIAM McNALLY

One stormy day, back in 1962, a small miracle! The long-awaited McNally child was born. After many adventures, the young Willie stumbled through the doors of Selwyn House, his eyes wide open with wonder. Now, six years later, Bill is no longer the wide-eyed boy he used to be. No, not after many years of conditioning through debating, hockey, football, and physics class, he is now a tough, cynical person, ready to deal with any emergency. (3 A.M.?) Whether it be in his studies, or in his high playing social life, Willie lives up to his image as a tough guy, a guy whose life is filled with fast broads and cars. A musician par excellence, he has been in and out of numerous bands, but now prefers to pursue a solo career with his piano. Good luck Willie. You will go far.

-His Token Friends



This Was the Year that Was ...

In a recent survey conducted by a team of independent researchers, certain alarming trends emerged, trends which suggested that the Class of Seventy-nine actually ENJOYED their final year. Indeed, according to some eminent analysts, it was a "vintage year" from which the seniors imbibed wholeheartedly of both academic and athletic spirits offered, draining the year to the very least.

Asked to note five moments (epiphanies) which transformed their lives or presented them with new insights, the students observed that it all started well with the innovative leadership weekend in the Eastern Township, which according to some "gave us good directions which we unfortunately lost." Despite their sense of being lost, "lunches" (according to one of that august number) "saved our sanity," but "next year, maybe they can try having a budget for food."

Of course, noon gourmet feasts were, for some, occasions to escape by using that elusive release - one day a month - which some managed to use to avoid attending the dining hall festivities on a daily basis. Newly found responsibilities, beyond sitting at the head of a table also ranked highly as moments of illumination, and the mornings, when they found "thinking of excuses for not doing the morning duties" too arduous, led them to the confrontation with the threes and fours. As one noted, "I don't know how Miss Hopson does it," but once more ingenuity triumphed and the library and the so-called "study periods" afforded, at least, some excuse for absence from duties. "Is this what they meant by the innovative 'leisure' programme," one was heard to ask, or was it 11 A's discovery that the class window was a means of observing and timing Chris Creighton's run to class as well as a way to arrive at 8:44 and answer to roll call?

However, not all discoveries related to the "vision of serious duties," or "of great responsibility." There were moments in the gym, on the fields, or on the rinks which prompted those surveyed to record with some satisfaction the winning of a Norsworthy trophy or of a rugby championship, or of an injury - a lasting memory of a week away from school.

Not all successes, those polled felt, occurred in athletic arenas. Some indicated that the newspaper, THE SPECTRUM "made new men of them" and showed "how gullible people could be." THE FOURTH DIMENSION No. 7, Radio-Canada International's "A Canada to Discover," The Julia Richer Competition, and Project Pandora V, all came too late to elicit any response but "five significant things have not yet happened," although some individuals did discover "it isn't impossible to get lousy marks," while others saw physics ("good times with high marks,"-bonus question) as a means of "keeping the averages up," or at least as a break from fifty-hour marathons to complete English assignments - "a spiritual and physical experience-" or as much of one as Mona's Ballet Jazz.

All in all, the "peasantry" - a team universally scorned - saw the year through rose-coloured glasses of one success after another - AND IT WAS

G.C. Ian Burgess
David Williams

II Year Veterans of Selwyn House



FRONT ROW: J. Ogilvy, A. Black, G. Zarifi, R. Lande, M. Walford, A. Nemec, D. Shannon, N. Powell, J. Ross. BACK ROW: J. Warner, K. Nemec, P. Korn.



OLIVER MERSEREAU

When Oliver came to us in grade six, he was no new boy to the system and fitted right in. Over the years we have regarded him as a trustworthy honest friend. Academically, Ollie (as his friends call him) has kept a good average while being involved in various extra-curricular activities. He has been invaluable to the yearbook and photography club. (Often he has been seen running around taking candid photos of unwary people) Oliver will always be remembered (especially for asking me to write his grad note the day after they were due).

A friend



ANDREW NEMEC

Andrew Nemec became a prefect this year due to an uncanny ability to talk to teachers. His most interesting features are his feet. Andrew, even since grade one, has had feet! Another thing which Andrew is known for is his mouth; it is always moving. However, over the years Andrew's contribution to school sports has been outstanding. He has played football (Bantam, Junior, Senior) and was this year's team captain. He is an all-star wrestler and has been a rugby player ever since he could grunt. We do not know what we would have done without him. Actually we do, but we won't tell.



KAREL NEMEC

Karel's career at Selly extends all the way back to grade one. From the days of Madame Dorion, Mrs. MacLean, and Mr. Philips to the present time; he has always made himself known to us by exercising his physical assets or by sharing his extremely diverse insight and knowledge. Although Karel excels in such sports as football, squash, and rugby, we never under-estimated his mental capabilities.

His Friends.



JEFFREY NEUMANN

Destination: God only knows why I want to be a doctor when I could spent my time painting, playing chess or tennis. My ulterior motive is to have two nurses pose for me.

Epilogue: "Our great School has taught me humility and the ability to think, but alas, not to keep quiet. "Si tacuisses, philxo sophus mansisses." It is sad that I must leave my Selly studios. I never will find such a great bunch of fellows and teachers again.



JACK OGILVY

For years, everyone tried to understand Jack, but this year, we all gave up. Although it's hard to believe, Jack has been (physically) at Selwyn for eleven years. A few years ago, it was rumored that Jack had spent a summer vacation taking survival courses in Colombia. From that time on, he has had a new look on life. He will always be remembered for such classic comments as, "God you're ugly," and "Kiss mine." He will also be remembered for playing on various team sports (football and rugby). But, ever since Jack has been here, he has confided in us and he told us that he wants to get out of this ... place. Well, now's your chance Jack, and good luck.

-his friends



MARTIN OSMOND

Since his arrival in our midst in the fall of 1974, Martin has undertaken many activities both in the academic and extra-curricular realms. However in order to avoid being "gung ho", we will abstain from extolling them at great length. Instead, we shall dwell on his many shortcomings. He was appointed Prefect in the early-late-mid spring of 1978, and, to his great shame and poor soul, he was appointed to the Sportsmen's Guild. He was further burdened by being subjected to membership on the Entertainment Committee. Alas, the oft-pitied lad has managed to keep a stiff upper lip. One can't help but admire the true determination and spirit which has kept our little friend going. His contagious enthusiasm threatened to upset the status-quo at Selly, and for that, we admire him.

-his friends-

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

- The Bible: Proverbs 18:24.



MICHAEL PATERAS

Michael has been at Selwyn House for six years. During that time, he has been involved with numerous sports teams, many activities, some committees, and a bit of schoolwork. Mike was once heard saying, "I may miss the school once I leave, but never as much as it will miss me," and "Thanks, I really enjoyed it."



CHRIS PATON

Whenever a party invitation is given to Chris, and there are many, he gets a special one that has the time a half-hour earlier. He comes ready to classify all social data. Not yet having enough, Chris makes his usual end-of-the pilgrimage to The Sea Horse, where he delights all with his stirring conversation. The following Monday, he graces us with his appearance, at some point or another. We'll all remember Chris when we tie our shoe-laces-and untie them-and tie them-and untie them ... because of the ancient Czech superstition whereby one must do everything at least four times which, which he has instilled into all our habits. Thanks a lot!

-His tall, but reassuring friends.



NICK POWELL

Nick, being the responsible prefect that he was, was too busy planning the Macaulay house acts for the Christmas Assembly to write his grad note.



ANDREW PRICE

Andrew Price, ace pilot, entered S.H.S. a lonely young child looking for friendship. However, in the four years he has been here, he still hasn't found any. Andrew is mostly known for his singing - he can't. He has played sports at the school (rugby and football), and look what it's done to him. Andrew does have many defenses against his classmates, such as his "wanna go out with me? Smile and his sweaters (uggh!). It has been said that Andrew uses Raid as an under-arm deodorant, but that still won't kill the little beasties. All in all, Andrew's few friends do think he's a pretty good guy, and we wish him well in years to come.

-His friends



JAMES ROSS

Jaime first came to Selwyn in those serene days of form D, hoping to attain a broader understanding of life in general and to open and explore new intellectual corridors. Quickly and wisely dropping these futile aims, he went on to lead the "conservative, white wallabees, Lacoste shirt, and Aqua Velva" movement which has grown so strong in our school. As with all of us, Hymie has had his successes and his wipeouts. He gained the reputation as the man who always comes through in the clutch from his distinguished career on the bantam and midget football teams, junior tennis team, and the rinky-dink hockey team. Hymie's gung-ho attitude has shown us that he's no mouse (Mickey or otherwise).

Being his good ol' hardworking and persevering self, he has maintained a consistent subject average at S.H.S., though at times "on shaky ground." As he continues on at Upper Canada and plaguing students there with his boyish smile, I wish Jaimie the best of luck.

-A Friend.



ALAN ROSSY

After six successful years at Selwyn House School, Al (alias "Big Al") has left his mark. In sports, Big Al has proven to be a basketball pro and a tennis ace as well as an excellent sportsman. Academically, Al has never let school interfere with his education. Even though he has been consistently inconsistent, his grades always end up being good. Everyone knows that females are Al's number one extra-curricular activity. Being the "Beast of T.M.R.", Al can be spotted jogging up and down familiar streets in any weather, including hail storms (seriously, he is sane). Besides being an all-round super guy and friend, what more can I say except that he's ready for Wheaties - the breakfast of champions.

-Dave

DAVID SHANNON

After eleven years at Selwyn House, David is finally breaking away from the old social milieu. From the early days of puppy love for Miss Wood, David has emerged a mature and sensitive young man. He has pursued a wide range of activities at the School. In Grade Four, David won the Miss Wood Skiing Trophy, which he earned by labouriously practising at King George Park. He has been on the Yearbook staff, has run the Candy Shop almost single-handedly, and has, most recently, been one of the stars of the Jazz Ballet Group.

David has also contributed greatly to school life. This year, his initiative brought about the first Annual House Chestnut Competition in the junior school. Also, His "Ron Barrett" column has helped several with their adolescent problems.

As David leaves Selwyn House, he looks forward to a literary career, as writing is a talent which he has developed since First Grade. He also plans to visit Ireland, where he can visit the tomb of Parnell, his dead King. We all wish David well and, who knows, one day, David may be seen walking the runway at the Ritz with cameras flashing and Thomas taking notes.

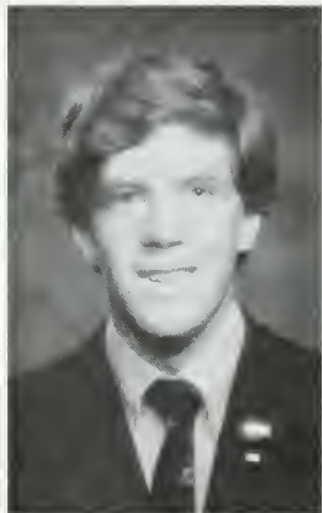
- His Friends

BENJAMIN SHAER

AMBITION: Dusty pedant, complete with frayed gown and patched tweed jacket. **PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Outstanding in his field. **IDIOSYNCRACIES:** Tearing down halls, and zigzagging down staircases; wearing a handkerchief in his pocket; fits of laughter, carrying a strap; telling unhumorous jokes which he prefers to brand as "subtle"; pacing and walking in circles; joining the cross-country skiing team without owning a pair of skis; reading Joyce on the bus to Smuggler's Notch; constantly carrying books with him; wearing a different stickpin every day; carrying a glove in his pocket (as well as a horseshoe) to slap across the face of anyone who happens to insult him (barring some); saving used bus transfers and other assorted rubbish; taking Latin; remembering absurd and useless facts; holding FOWLER'S in reverence, etc. **FAVORITE PASTIME:** Annoying English teachers, writing old sayings on the board, and shattering illusions in general. **SAMPLINGS OF HIS PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY:** (1) The most futile endeavour is attempting to repeat a coincidence. (2) Never beginning and never ending something amounts to almost the same thing. (3) There are few incurable romantics left, since they invented penicillin. (4) Verba per fida quam vera celerius volant. (5) "Semper ubi sub ubi." (6) "Caesar adsum jam forte."

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
In the sun that is young once only,
Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means ...

Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill"





JAMES THACKRAY

By the time I've finished my life as a student, I'll be used to saying that my internment in Selwyn would likely be my best years of schooling. I've not only enjoyed learning of the highest quality, but also the experience of a close knit system in which every student participates. No other school helps so much to the development and character of the student in so many ways. After my graduation, the movement towards achievement will increase as the experience decreases.

This is rote Sarkasticul.
-Charles Farrar Browne



MARK WALFORD

Mark is one of the quiet ones. Like an iceberg, we see only the tip. Everything else is underneath. Who knows what thoughts lurk beneath that exterior? It would be nice to have a picture of the whole thing, and failing even that, we have left a space that may one day be filled.



JOHN WARNER

Activities: Football, basketball, rugby, wrestling, debating. Alias: Bone, Double Zero, Johnny Smoke, Johnny-O. Favourite saying: "Come on, guys, let me win now."

John is one of those people who can endure just about anything; if 11 years at Selwyn House can't prove it, what can? (John's favourite song: "Still Crazy After All These Years".) Of all this year's seniors, John holds the record for greatest number of canings; we all have our distinctions, don't we?

-His friends.

PATRICK WEBSTER

We measure our gains out in luck and coincidence
Lanterns to turn back the night
And put our defeats down to chance or experience
And try once again for the light
Some wait for the waters of fortune to cover them
Some just see the tides of ill chance rushing over them
Some call on Jehovah
Some cry out to Allah
Some wait for the boats that still row to Valhalla
Well, you try to accept what the fates are unfolding
While some say they're sure where the blame should be falling
You look 'round for maybe a chance of forestalling
But too soon it's over and done
And the man for all seasons
Is lost behind the sun.

- Al Stewart

RICHARD WHITEHEAD

This is a grad note which will represent my thoughts and feelings at SHS forever. I have chosen neither to shower myself with praise nor to bathe verbally in misery. Nor will I dwell on the perfonistic aspects of assessing grade eleven students on what they wrote one blustery February morning when they perhaps were tired or depressed

An English teacher might slash this grad note with a red pen and the scribbled message, "cliché". On the other hand, one could say that in transposing the overworked and the previously unexplored, I have created an imperliguous effect. But enough of this. Back to sentimentality. I came; I saw; I shall remember

GEORGE ZARIFI

How can I go forward when I don't know
Which way I'm facing?
How can I go forward when I don't know which way to turn?
How can I go forward into something
I'm not sure of? oh no, oh no.

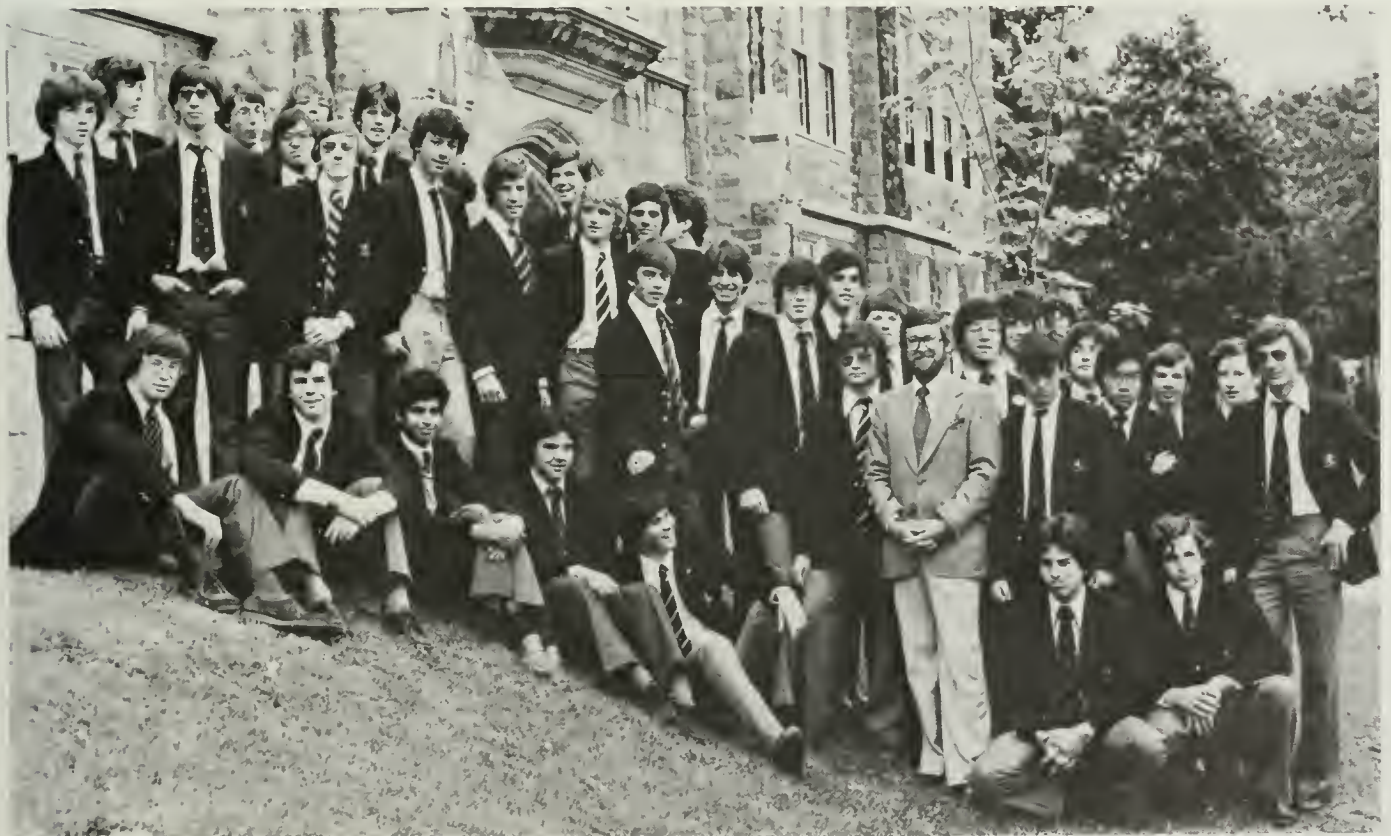
You know life can be long
And you got to be strong
And the world is so tough
Sometimes I feel I've had enough.

- John Lennon

THE CLASS OF '79 PLANTS TWO MAPLE TREES

Selwyn House lost two old maple trees in the Spring of 1979. At dinner one evening I mentioned to my wife that a number of the grade eleven boys had told me that they were upset to see the trees cut down. Anne proposed that they go out and buy a tree to replace the two old trees. I presented this "proposal" to the two classes the next day and it was very quickly accepted. Ashvini Gursahaney, Andrew Nemec and I drove to Jack Vincelli's in Montreal West and chose two Norway Maples for sixty dollars. Thirty eight of the students each contributed a dollar and the remainder was shared by the school, my wife and myself. Both trees were planted on May 17 by a group of the grade eleven students. I believe it is fitting that Norway Maples were chosen. These trees are very hardy, adaptable and quick growing - just like Selwyn House students!

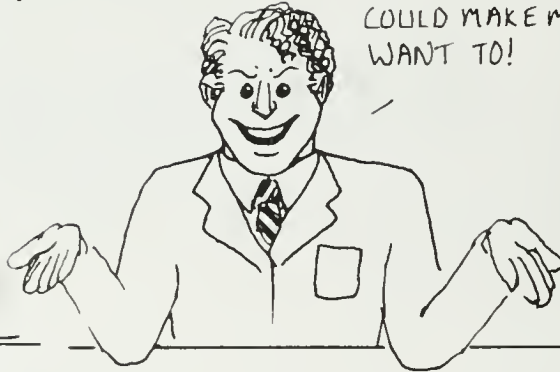
Barry Williams



FOR YEARS I HANDED MY
HOMEWORK IN ON TIME,
WITHOUT FAIL.

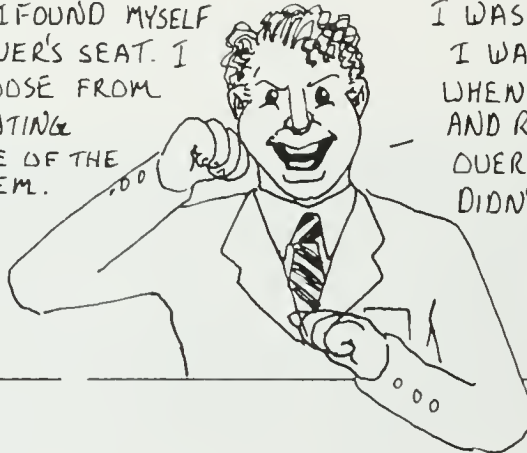


THEN I REALIZED THAT NO
MATTER WHAT THE ADMINISTRATION
DID THERE WAS NOWAY THEY
COULD MAKE ME WORK IF I DIDN'T
WANT TO!



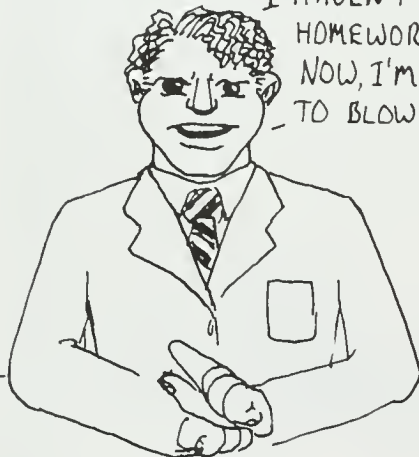
SUDDENLY I FOUND MYSELF
IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT. I
HAD CUT LOOSE FROM
THE DOMINATING
INFLUENCE OF THE
SYSTEM.

I WAS FREE TO DO WHAT
I WANTED TO DO ONLY
WHEN **I** WAS GOOD
AND READY. I WALKED ALL
OVER MY TEACHERS. THEY
DIDN'T SEEM TO NOTICE.



I HAVEN'T DONE ANY
HOMEWORK IN MONTHS.
NOW, I'M THIS CLOSE
TO BLOWING THE YEAR.

A LITTLE INDEPENDENCE IS
A DANGEROUS THING.





**JUNIOR
SCHOOL**





O.S. Mersereau

Newton proven wrong.



O.S. Mersereau

Back, you animals!

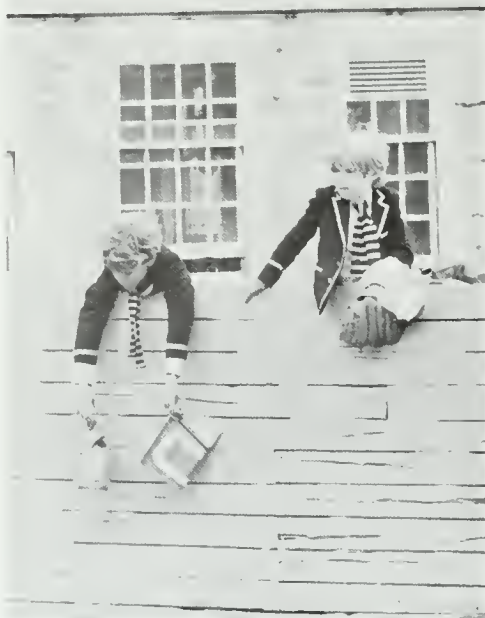


O.S. Mersereau

Hey! There's a bird with a camera!



O.S. Mersereau



O.S. Mersereau



O.S. Mersereau

The new John Travolta!



O.S. Mersereau

We want YOU!



O.S. Mersereau

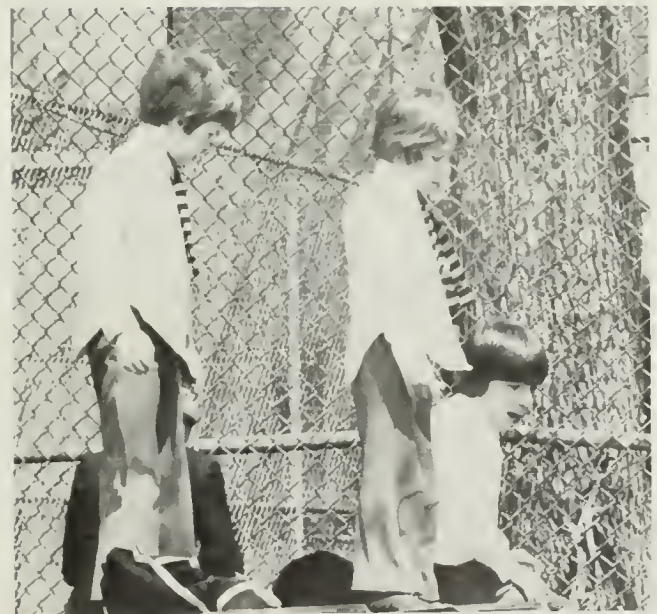


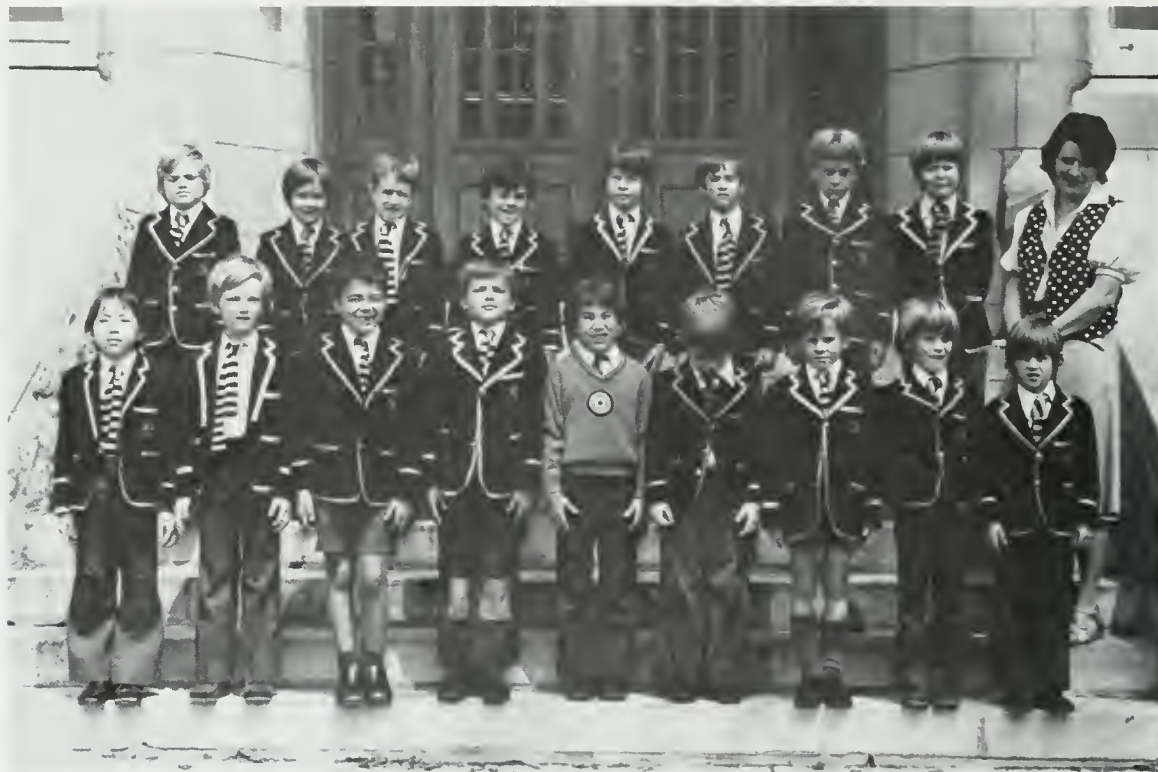
O.S. Mersereau



Photos by O. S. Mersereau

THE CHASE





GRADE ONE

Bright-eyed
shined up
sleeked down
boys enter in September

Bright-eyed
tousled
world-by-the-tail
boys exit in June.

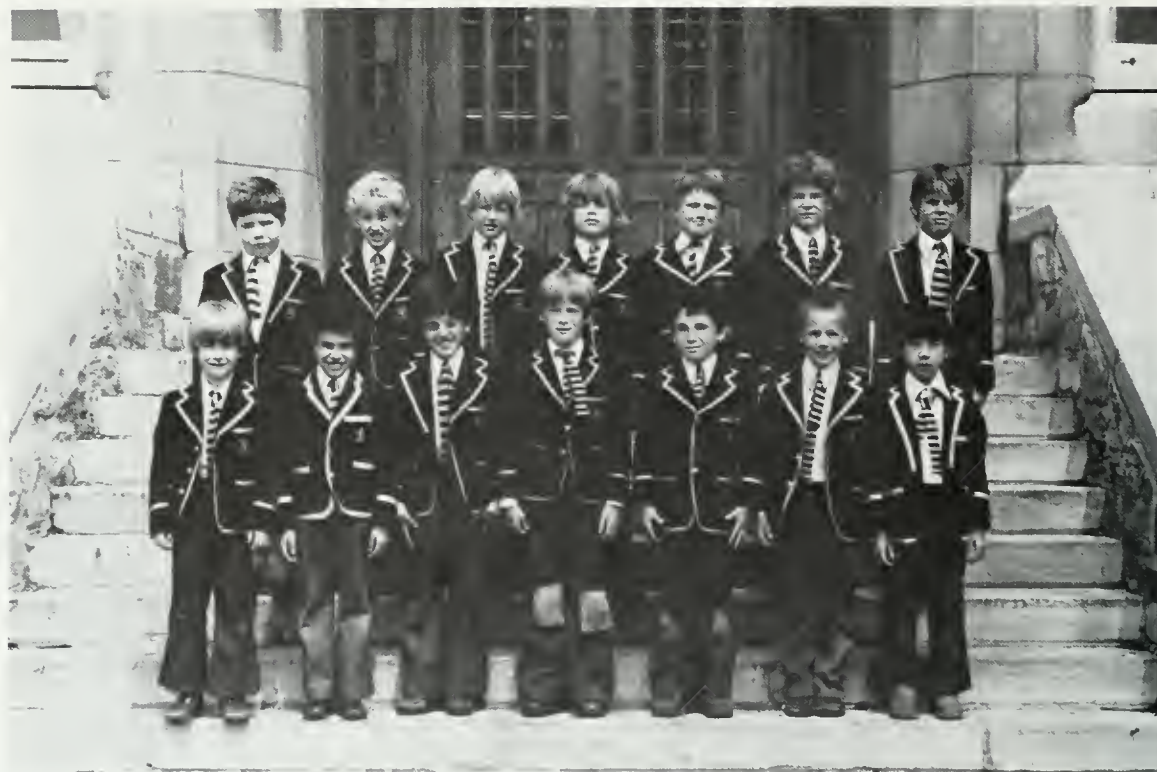
This year they were: Anthony Zitman, Richard Tang-Wai, Olaf Sandblom, Tom MacKay, Nicholas Liberio, Charles Laing, Jean-Paul Kovalik, Edward Herba, Christopher Hanson, Jack Eaton, Louis Drummond, Paul Csabrajetz, Charles Coristine, David Cohen, William Carsley, Jonathan Brockhouse, Eric Brand, Ryan Blatt, Patrick Birks.



2A

Qui voit-on dans cette classe?

Birks et Harper à chacun se souriant.
Gillespie et Vesey rêvant.
Higgins et Welsford dessinant.
Tissot et Verchère parlant.
Dimitriou et Brabander bruissant.
Li et Lim se confrontant.
Troubetzkoy sur cette assemblée planant.
Madame Walker sur sa classe philosophant.



2B

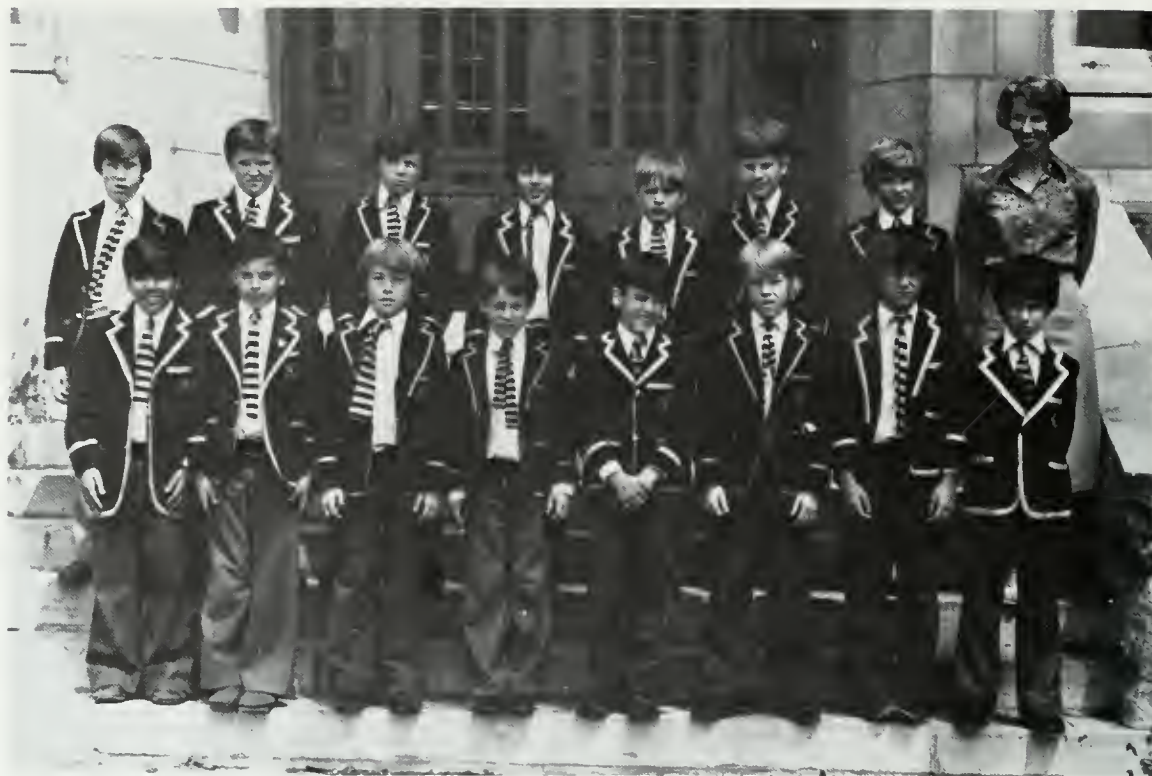
C'est à vous que je parle adorables écoliers,
Vêtus de vos élégants costumes et petits souliers,
Vous aviez l'allure de princes heureux,
Quand pour la première fois je vins dans votre milieu.
Dès le matin, votre présence m'apporte une paix soudaine,
Me fait oublier tous tracassas ou aspirations veines.
Plus rien n'existe, que vos babillages incessants,
Votre humeur versatile et vos éphémères tourments.
J'ai peine à contenir ma joie, quand le plus courageux,
m'approche doucement pour me donner un baiser douxereux,
Ou que, me tirant par la jupe d'un geste vif,
Vous m'appelez "mammy" sur un ton affectif.



GRADE 3

Library Period

Riley and Blachford building superstructures with books.
 Dibadj looking for architectural tomes.
 Bertos absorbed; he'd like every period to be library period.
 Sinclair-Smith and Matossian always overdue.
 Lloyd trying to look as if he's not there.
 Bruneau and Hill looking for books between periods.
 Knai hurrying so he won't be overdue.
 DeBono, Porter and Comyn - you barely know they're there.
 Nayar, Metcalf and Strom-Olsen lost among the stacks somewhere.
 Dingle trying to keep track of what everyone else is taking out.
 Kerr trying to decide
 For Brierley, there's never enough time.
 Riddell would rather look at pictures, thank you.
 Waxman with the heaviest books he can find.
 Mohelsky is very proud of what he's taken.
 Ham, Mah and Horrobin discussing what they're taking this time.



4A

Mini-Alphabet

A is for ANDERS who is always amiable.
 B is for BASIL, BRITAIN AND BRUCE who battle to be best.
 C is for CHARLES who keeps us chuckling.
 D is for DAVID of which we dare to have a duo.
 E is for energy of which there is plenty.
 F is for fun which there is frequently.
 G is for GABI who gabs with glee.
 H is for homework to harass us.
 I is for incentive, interest, and initiative.
 J is for our jacks-in-the-box JAMES, JAKOB, JAN, and JOEL.
 K is for kindness and knowledge.
 L is for labour and laughter.
 M is for MARK who makes us mind our manners.
 N is for NICHOLAS a noteworthy novice.
 O is for OLIVER overcoming all obstacles.
 P is for PETER and PRASUN, pretty precocious pupils.
 R is for RICHARD, always ready and raring to go.



4B

"Boys, I have to go out of the class for a minute," says Mrs. Marsh. "Please continue with your math in your Lennes."

No sooner does she leave the class than Matthew Claener starts doing his magic tricks and Thomas de Butler taps Lindsay Hausner on the head with his pencil. Lindsay doesn't even notice, as he's trying to find all the games in his desk. Tommy Schopflocher is giggling out loud at Mark Parhy's jokes, and David Tang-Wai and Barry Friedberg say, "Sh - we're trying to work!"

Jason Price leans over and tries to tickle James Von Moltke's feet as James works hard to concentrate on his math. Andrew McGregor puts his hands over his ears to block out the noise and Peter Reid takes a nap. Victor Maltsew is busy passing out Russian souvenirs while Michael Kronish dons his Yankees baseball cap and starts drawing cartoons. Mark Harris is stretching and Stefane Liberio is dancing around the class. Sean McConnell is spreading good cheer as David Verchere builds bombs out of popsickle sticks.

The class 'lookout', Stefane, suddenly calls out: "She's coming," and everyone scurries back to work.

Mrs. Marsh enters the class and sees everyone working quietly.

"Good boys, I knew I could count on you."

JUNIOR LITERARY



TOMATO



THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF SOUPMAN

It is a beautiful day in the supermarket. In the detergent aisle roams Lex Lipton with an evil plan to plant a nuclear water-sensitive bomb in every box of detergent. Only Soupman can stop him. Oh NO! A lady has taken the box in which Lex planted the bomb. Soupman is in his can of Campbell soup sleeping. When he hears about this he wakes up immediately, opens his lid and flies out. Then he swipes one box from the good pile and exchanges it for the box with the bomb. Another adventure has come to an end.

David Cohen
Grade 1



Jan Dubravcik (4A)



Anders Bard (4A)

QUIET PEOPLE

Quiet people live longer.
They live longer because they
do not open their mouths too
much. But noisy people open
their mouths too much. Quiet
people live longer because
they save energy by not
opening their mouths.

Jean-Paul Kovalik
Grade 1



Richard Usher-Jones (4A)

WALLY THE WALRUS

Wally was a fine old chap. He said good morning to everyone he met. When he met Jake, the seal, he said, "Chap have you seen any snakes?"

Jake said, "Are you crazy Wally? Snakes in the Antarctic?"
"Well, I saw one right there and honest to God it was wearing a parka."

Michael Bruneau
Form 2B

THE SQUIRREL

The Squirrel jumps from limb to limb
in the willow tree,
and I think he does it just for me.

Mark Harris
Form 4B

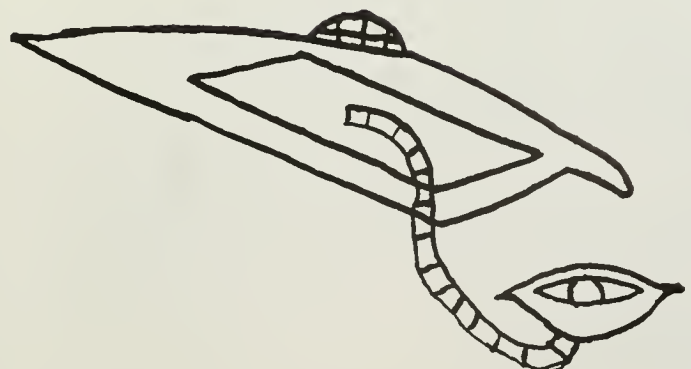


Oh what will I do?
I get up in the morning.
The blind goes up and the window goes down.
Oh what will I do?
I make my breakfast.
My toast pops up and lands on the floor.
Oh what will I do?
Oh dear, it's ten past two
and I get back in bed.
Oh what will I do?

Nigel Lush
Form 2B

Once upon a time, a UFO landed. A
small queer little green man stepped out
and captured me. Then he took me into
space and killed me.

Olof Sandblom
Grade 1



Victor Maltsev (4B)

A QUESTION FOR TEACHER

This is a poem about 4A.
Really there isn't a lot to say;
We seem to fight more than we play;
My enemy yesterday is my friend today.
Some of us are jocks, and some have a
brain;
No one can say we are all the same.
Mrs. Clark, are you still sane?
Glad you won't have us next year again?

Mark Csabrajetz
Form 4A



A FUNNY EXPERIENCE

It was a Tuesday morning, March 5, 1904. I woke up,
washed my face and looked in the mirror for pimples.
Instead of pimples, I saw a huge boil on my cheek.
There was another one.

I said to myself, "Oh well, I might as well go to
school."

When I got to school I forgot about my boils but
everybody looked at me.

I said to myself, "why is everybody looking? Is it
because of my good looks? No, it can't be that because if
it was, the girls would be after me. Oh well, I'd better go
in."

Just then I went past a mirror. I walked back, looked
into the mirror and saw that I had boils. I went into the
locker room to get changed and then up to class saying
hello to the teacher as I entered.

The teacher said, "What are those things?"

I said, "Oh, these things are boils, I've got them all
over me!"

The teacher laughed at me. I almost cried but I held
on. After a while I started to laugh with the teacher, and
when he stopped laughing I could not stop.

The classes started. First we had French. I laughed
through French. I laughed and laughed through the
whole period. A little while later, I laughed my way out
of the door. I laughed all the way home and into bed for
the next funny experience of my life.

Sean McConnell
Form 4B

There once was an old man from Peru,
whose feet got stuck in some goo.
He said, "Oh my God
I'm stuck in the mud,
and I've got to go to the loo."

Nicholas Adamson
Form 4A



There once was a lady named Doyle,
who got her thumb stuck in the soil.
When she got it out,
it started to sprout,
so she wrapped it up in tin foil.

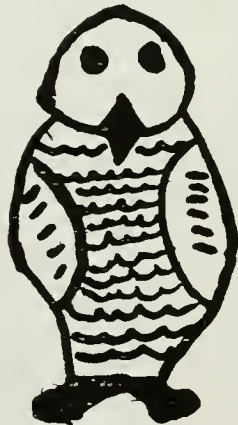
Rolf Strom-Olsen
Grade 3



AUTUMN

In Autumn the wind blows back and forth
and in the trees there is a rustle.
There's a sound of happiness through the land
While the wind makes you feel just grand.

Mark Harris
Form 4B



David Tang-Wai (4B)

A FRUIT STAND

A fruit stand!
Why isn't that grand?
Shall I buy some apples?
Do apples snapple?
No, they do not.
Oh, I forgot!
How about pears?
Do pears look like squares?
No, they do not.
Oh! I forgot!
How about peaches?
Do peaches smell like beaches?
No, they do not.
I've lost my appetite,
Good-night!

Andrew Hill
Grade 3

THE GREAT GRADUATE

There was once a little owl who worked very hard for fourteen years. On his graduation day, something terrible happened. The head owl was kidnapped so the poor little owl could not graduate. Do you think that the head owl would be found in time? The school thought that it was Fowl-Owl who had kidnapped the head owl. So, that night, the little owl went to look for him. He looked high and low but the head owl was not to be found in the village. One day passed. That night the little owl again looked for the head owl in the Owlzon Jungle. Sure enough, there, in a little shack, was the head owl all tied up.

As soon as the little owl saw this, he ran back to the village and told what he had seen. The villagers made a plan. Right away, the owl women started knitting a net and all the men owls, except for two, made some bait. One was the little owl who was making another owl look like the head. This was done so that when Fowl-Owl came to take over the village, he would see the owl dressed up like the head and, while he was trying to get what he thought was the head, some other owls would rescue the head. When Fowl-Owl came to the shack and took the door handle, the net would fall and the owls would have him. That is just what happened.

The little owl was graduated by the head owl and was allowed to go to law school with all the other birds. After two years of law school, he was the best lawyer in the school.

Andrew Hill
Grade 3



OH, HOW I LOVE TO SKI

Oh, how I love to ski,
it makes me feel soooo free.
Over the moguls I go
and then up again on the tow.
On top of the hill it is cold,
but now I must be bold.
The trees are frozen soldiers,
standing there among the boulders.
Down the hill I go
as fast as a torpedo.
This is great fun for me.
Oh, how I love to ski.

Billy Lloyd
Grade 3

WINTER IS HERE

When the ground is white
and snow is the sight,
and it's mostly night
winter is here.

When we have snowball fights
and you see the northern lights,
you can't fly kites,
winter is here.

Caught in a storm,
You're nowhere near warm.
Snowmen in form.
Winter is here.

Mark Csabrajetz
Form 4A

ADVICE FOR HOCKEY PLAYERS

You have to think
on a hockey rink.
Try not to blink,
for the ice might crack
and you will sink.

Eugene Dimitriou
Form 2A

WINTER'S NIGHT

On a cold winter's night,
people are in beds all tucked in.
The land's besieged with snow,
all frozen with ice.
And the next day,
Over the mountains.
The sun peeks through.
It's the end of a winter's night.

David Tang-Wai
Form 4B

JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS



Photos by O. S. Mersereau





**MIDDLE
SCHOOL**





MIDDLE SCHOOL CANDIDS







WE KEEP BUSY



September 1978 (Before)



5A



**May 1979
(After)**

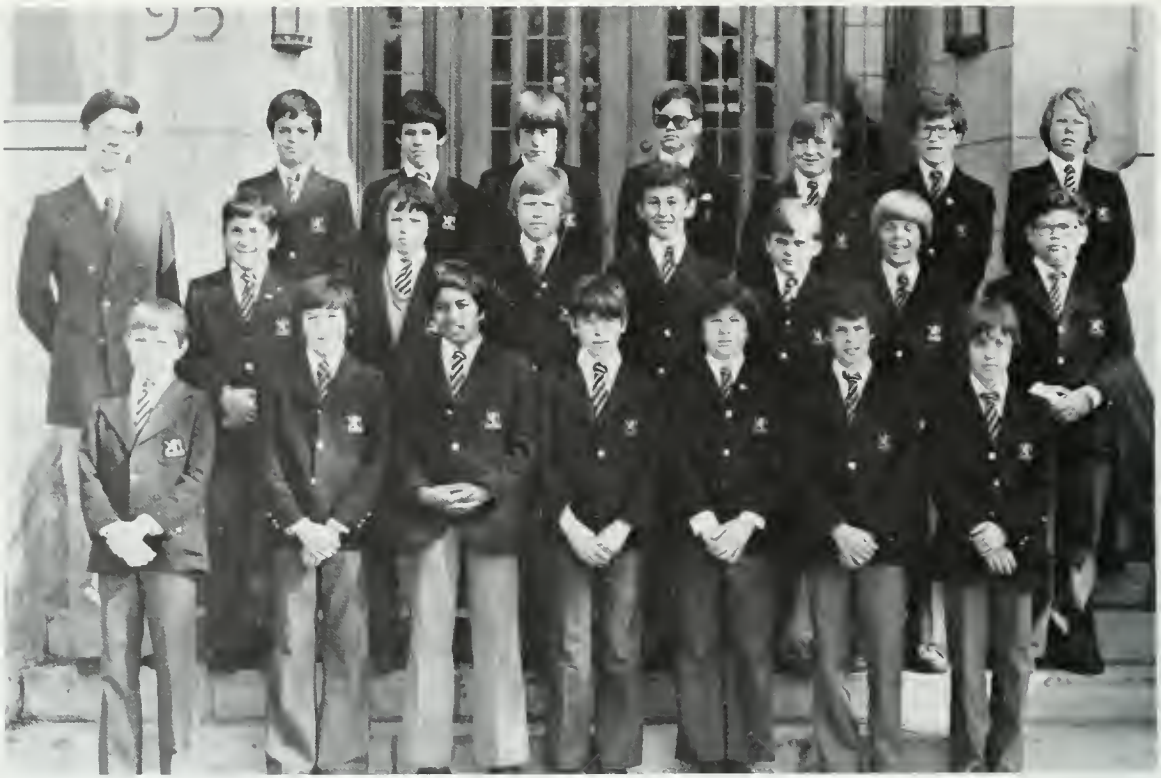
You too can have a great year
(for only pennies a day)
Put yourself in the picture;
Enter Grade 5 now!



5B

B For Best, Bad or Both?

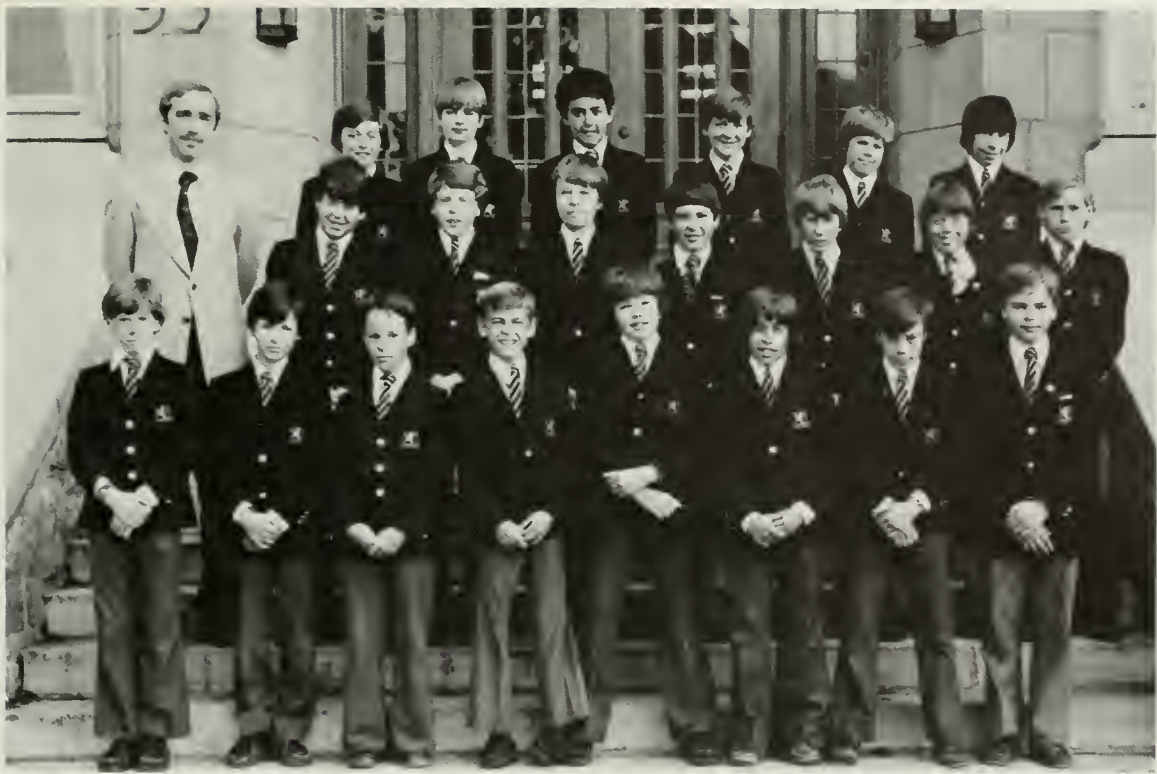
Adam buying chestnuts
 Bentley breaking bones (his own) Bobby being Mrs. Marsh's mop
 Chris "Newboy of the year"
 Disco John; he never saw the homework
 Eduardo heading soccer balls (ouch!)
 Francis where is your homework book?
 Geoff's questions and Gregory's cap gun
 Hallward reading every moment, Heenan reaching for the top
 Irwin trading grease cards and forgetting his books
 Johnny Kay get back in your seat
 Krindle keeper of this bunch
 Lupu forgot his homework book Lemoine discusses famous kin
 McCurdy has a garbage collection
 Neuensihurander? How do you spell that?
 O'Brian's story is already told
 Peter's too
 Q QUIET? QUICK? Don't quote me
 Reid (late again, eh?) Richard (Finestone) Denis
 Serge's toys are out again Sanchez watches out the window
 TUVWXYZ! You can say that again



6A

This list, dated January 20, 2029, has been found in the Library archives. It is a list of books written by Old Boys who belonged to 6A in 1979.

John Antoniou: How to develop your memory
 Erik Blachford: Principles of advanced mathematics
 Jonathan Blanshay: Collected stories
 Alec Brown: The usage of metaphors in fairy tales
 Leonard Colman: The interpretation of dreams
 Robbie Drummond: Why I left professional hockey
 Iain Gainov: Build your own log cabin
 Gavin Grant: Short stories for Grade 6 students
 Frédéric Hyde: Les histoires de ma grand-mère
 Christopher Keene: A complete geographical atlas of the City of Westmount
 Dimitri Kydoniefs: How I became president
 Robbie Mason: Mathematics are fun
 Colin McGilton: Talking with a purpose
 Tarek Razek: Mystery man
 David Redwood: Games and trick for everybody
 Kirk Russell: Spherical topology made easy
 George Samuel: How I made my first million
 Andrew Seely: One hundred jokes for one hundred occasions
 Brent Sheldon: WORK!
 Philippe Thompson: An early autobiography
 Eric Widdicombe: Guess who came in early this morning?



6B

Scouting Report

Adler-29/7/67	5'1"	R	R	98	Quick Mouth
Bogert-28/12/66	5'0"	L	R	95	Twinkletoes
Bray-8/1/67	4'11"	L	R	73	Fast Fingers
Bunge-1/6/67	4'11"	R	R	82	Good Worrier
Campeau-29/12/67	4'7"	L	R	60	Big Eyes
DeGiorgis-1/12/67	4'10"	R	R	64	Womanizer
Doheny-24/5/67	4'10"	R	R	87	Easily Depressed
Dubravcik-12/9/66	4'11"	R	R	100	Great in Water
Higgins-11/10/66	5'2"	R	L	95	Down to Earth
Joo-22/11/67	5'0"	R	L	87	Excitable
Kaps-3/5/67	4'11"	R	R	107	Forgets Easily
Marshall-22/2/67	4'6"	R	R	75	Big Mouth
McPherson-13/3/66	4'7"	L/R	R	75	Not Much to Say
Ramsey-30/9/66	4'10"	R	R	78	Amateur Politician
Rizkalla-14/12/66	5'3"	R	R	106	Ordinary Superstar
Sader-23/6/67	4'7"	R	R	75	Enjoys Fights
Sandblom-3/10/67	5'2"	L	L	82	Violent Temper
Sofin-16/3/67	4'7"	R	R	70	Even Bigger Mouth
Svendstedt-6/5/67	4'10"	R	R	90	Here on Vacation
Thompka-Gazdik-28/9/67	5'0"	R	R	84	Good Wheels
Zitzman-31/8/67	5'0"	R/L	R	79	Cornerstone
West-4/10/66	5'1"	R	R	86	Southern Connection



7A

Amtmann: The class is good. The top button strangles you and the uniforms are awful.

Balas: Refused to comment.

Brydon: Too much French and not enough games.

Dungan: The class goes crazy at times.

Ganiere: An interesting and eventful year.

Gatti: 7A was a shambles.

Gottlieb: The schedule is too crammed and there is too much homework.

Howard: Unavailable for comment.

Jany: My comment is unfit for print.

Kristof: The year is finally over!

Lala: It was a great first year. I'm not so sure about the second.

MacFarlane: Thank goodness for summer holidays.

Moore: The class was noisy.

Murchison: A good year. A bit too much chicken curry.

O'Donnell: No comment.

Ozkan: A good year. A bit too much chicken curry.

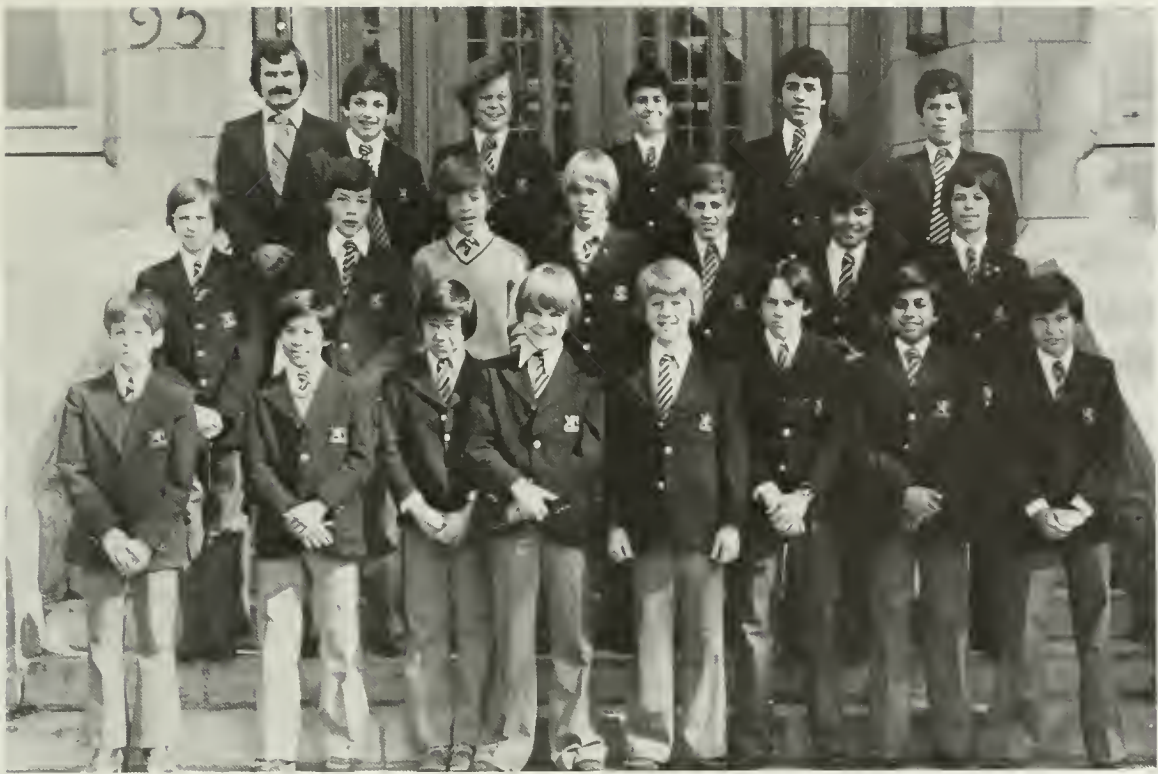
Phillips: A good and short year for me.

Pitblado: The school is lucky that classes are over because this class is going crazy. Yea, summer holidays. Boo school.

Siev: Whatever happened to legal strikes?

Tingley: An impressive year, especially in sports.

Von Moltke: Holidays are around the corner.



7B

NAME

Thomas Anthony
Rex Chung
German Delgado
Martin Essig
Vytus Groudís
Bruce Laker
Gregory Lupu
Hagen Mehnert
Ian Ogilvie
Stephen Penner
Allan Reid
Christian Robertson
Giles Sander
Karim Shariff
James Soutar
Michael Stevenson
Edwin Taguchi
Philippe Ventura
Geoffrey Wagg

AMBITION

Nuclear physicist
Business lawyer
Engineer
Doctor
Movie star
Pyromaniac
Lawyer
Professional Quarterback
Ecologist
Arabian oil Businessman
Psychocriminologist
Nuclear engineer
Film Director
Divorce lawyer
Postman
Architect
Mad scientist
Professional skier
Astronaut

PROBABLE DESTINY

Atom unit
Business animal
Coal shoveler
Dissected animal
Ticket collector
Fireman
The accused
Water boy
Mother Nature
Beggar in Baghdad
patient of the same
Radiation test dummy
Stand-in
Divorcée
Envelope lickér
Fastest Lego builder
Igor the assistant
Avalanche
Busted for being "spaced out"



7C

Geoffrey Adams - Ambition: to be the richest man in the world. Probable Destination: stealing from his maid.

Fenton Aylmer - Ambition: NBA basketball player for '76ers Probable Destination: cheer leader.

Adam Bandeen - Ambition: best spit-baller in class. Probable Destination: Headmaster's Office.

Neil Beaton - Ambition: to win a fight with his lawn-mower. Probable Destination: Kojak's

Jonathan Burnham - Ambition: architect. Probable Destination: designer of tents for Saudi Arabian sheiks.

David Doyle - Ambition: to pass at least one Spanish test. Probable Destination: skipping a grade ... backwards.

Derek Eaton - Present status: class dictionary. Probable Destination: class encyclopedia.

Jonathan Elkin - Ambition: star goalie for les Canadiens. Probable Destination: peanut salesman at Forum.

Glen Friedman - Ambition: lawyer Probable Destination: court guard

Richard Gouveia - Ambition: psychiatrist. Probable Destination: padded room.

David Ham - Ambition: rock star. Probable Destination: street musician.

Thomas Hood - Ambition: architect. Probable Destination: designer of leggo building

Kurt Johnson - Ambition: leader of "Bald Eagles" Probable Destination: dead duck.

John Kardos - Ambition: editor for "The Montreal Star". Probable Destination: paper boy.

Hiro Kataoka - Ambition: owner of "Ruby Foo's" Probable Destination: French fry maker at Macdonald's.

John Kelly - Ambition: archaeologist. Probable Destination: demolitions expert.

Kirkov Kirko - known for his excuses.

Guy Maclaren - Ambition: police. Probable Destination: mugger.

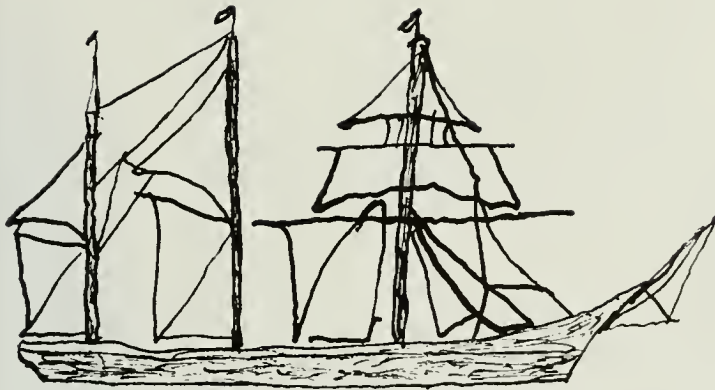
Richard Nemec - Ambition: pro skier. Probable Destination: coma.

Federico Sanchez - Ambition: to own a famous Spanish restaurant. Probable Destination: taco stand.

Mathew Ullman - Ambition: to get out of 5th quintile. Probable Destination: to invent a 6th quintile.

Mr. Robertson - Ambition: to control 7C for one straight class. Probable Destination: joining Gouveia in a padded room.

ART



George Samuel (6A)

The boys of grades 7 & 8 who met on Thursday afternoons for the art elective were required to complete various assignments. They learned about perspective and line by drawing chairs, about composition and lettering by doing posters on pollution, and about designs by doing pen and ink drawings. One of the most amusing was to do a self-portrait sculpture from newspaper and plaster. The boys quickly discovered that self likenesses were very difficult, and the sculptures were no longer called self portraits.

After finishing these assignments, the boys were allowed to work on their own projects. Their own interests became evident, especially a desire to reproduce Tutankamun's treasures.

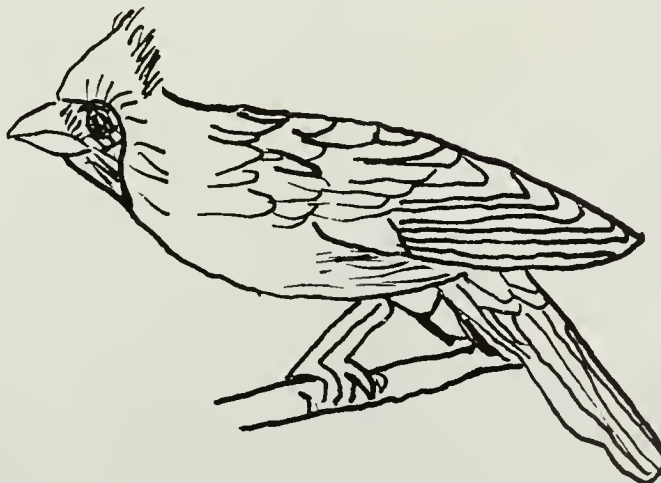
It was a most productive year and a most enjoyable one for the boys in the art elective program.



Michael Stevenson (7B)



Edwin Taguchi (7B)



Stephen Ahern (8A)

BIOLOGY CLUB

This year the biology club tackled many new experiments with a fresh method. We let everyone work on his own individual project with his own procedure. Many interesting results were obtained. For example, the students dissected such things as sharks' heads, cray fish, mud puppies, perch, fetal pigs, grasshoppers, model cell, and wrote detailed reports on muscular dystrophy, cerebral palsy and the D.N.A. molecule. Our thanks to Mr. Krindle for a successful year.



JUNIOR DEBATING

With the loss of Mr. Aimers this year, the future of the Junior Debating Society seemed grim. The Juniors, however, were already motivated by their excellent showings at the beginning of the year, and weren't going to let this large setback hinder their progress. David Skinner and Phil Lapin won at Stanstead, while later in the year Tom MacFarlane and John Pitblado placed well at the E.C.S. Novice Tournament.

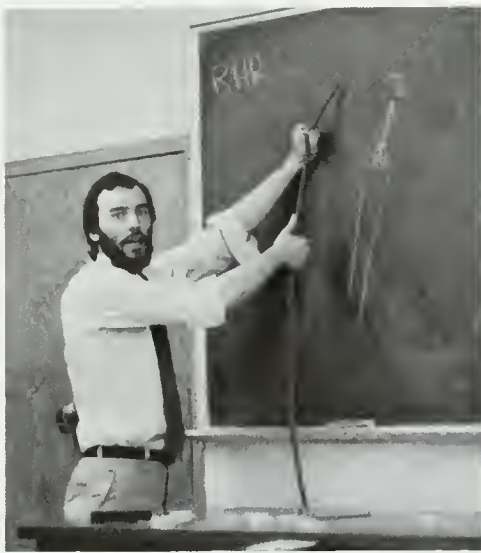
The Junior Debating Society has certainly advanced this year. Hopefully the same promising faces will be addressing Mr. Speaker next year.



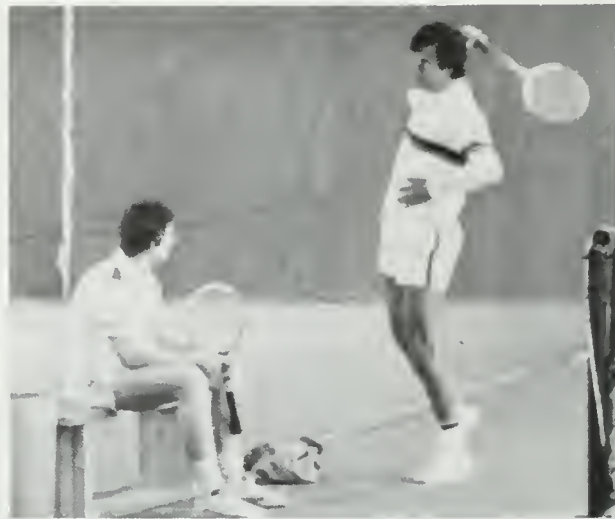
MIDDLE SCHOOL CAMERA CLUB

This year, a camera club was formed for grades seven and eight. This was modeled on an earlier club, which last met three years ago. With the help of Mr. G.C.I. Burgess, this year's club became a popular weekly activity for the boys. In the first term, the club drew 24 participants, who learned some basics through a series of lectures. After the Christmas vacation, the group lowered in number to a more manageable 12, who spent the weekly period in the school's recently-built darkroom. Here, in groups of six, they were taught basic darkroom technique.

Special mention should go to Andrew MacKay, Shaun Maxwell, and Andrew Webster, whose enthusiasm helped both the output of the club, and consequently the production of the Yearbook.



Hold your hose like this!



Now, if you can hit his head with the **EDGE** of the racquet



Photos by O.S. Mercereau

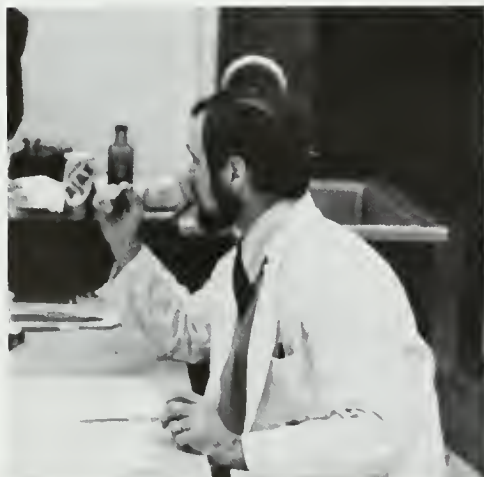
My wife won't be back for two weeks.



You got this from a junior?

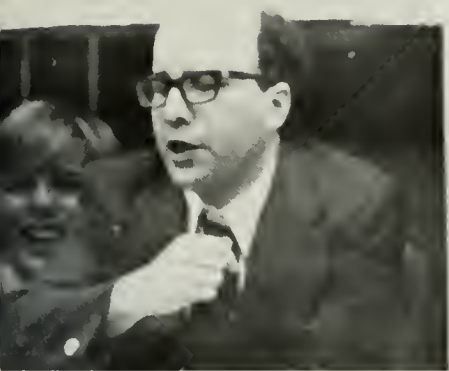


I love yard duty.



... I could blow him up! ...





Unaccustomed as I am



Hot to trot.



I wonder If I could climb to the top.



This is called the turkey trot.



I like the blonde better.



Good Lord! No Reaction!



Photos by O.S. Mercereau



I wonder if we're related?



Moffat to alien craft. Do you read me?



Think, man, think!



Ready to leap at any moment.

I could have sworn I buried that bone here!

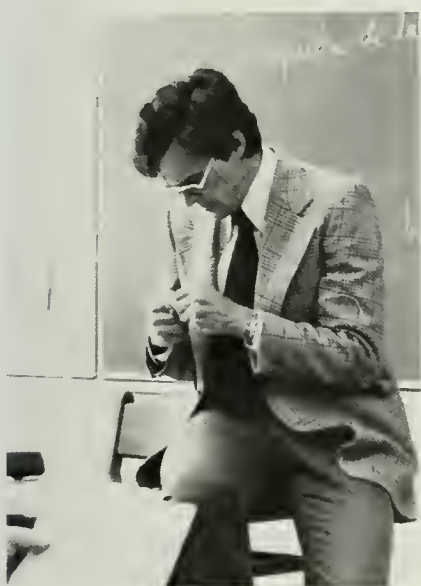




Now we have one, let's get the other one.



I sure hope they're paying me to do this.



The soup I spilled on my lapel at lunch is melting the polyester.

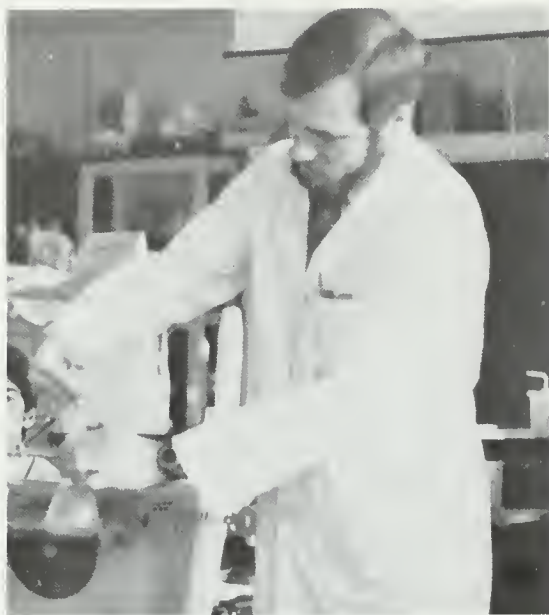


Photos by O.S. Mercreau

You got a licence for this tie?



I learned how to do this during the war.



K. Burns

... just enough nitro to turn him into wallpaper ...



O.S. Merereau

... a world whose inhabitant's right legs are shorter ...



S. Maxwell

A study in piety.



O.S. Merereau

If he sings "Melancholy Baby" again I'll scream!



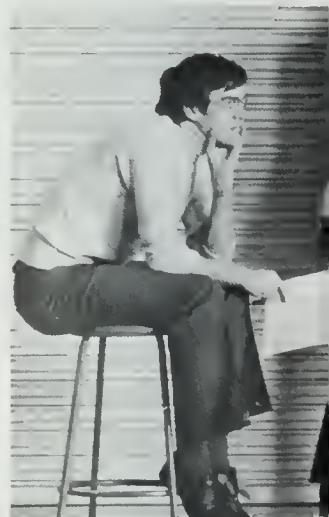
O.S. Merereau

Skepticism



O.S. Merereau

You're going to eat that camera!



O.S. Merereau

Imagine! At his age!



O.S. Merereau

Okay honey, now just lie still and smile ...



O.S. Merereau

Is one of you boys wearing "Charlie?"





O.S. Mersereau

SENIOR SCHOOL REPORT

Selwyn House 1978-9 : elation at times, frequent satisfaction, occasional frustration and disappointment. Elation has stemmed from our success in basketball and wrestling, the strong leadership provided at times by our Grade Elevens, and the achievement of those who have risen to the academic challenge and achieved at or near their capabilities. Disappointment and frustration in dealing with staffing problems, or in working with those who have not met commitments or lived up to expectations have been part of the year as well. Satisfaction has come from various areas : the Grade Advisor scheme, the growth and development of the Jazz Ensemble, and the careful planning and future implementation of "La Sixieme."

The good times will long be remembered; the disappointments soon forgotten. What has really made 1978-9 a memorable year has been the warmth and friendship of the students.

Barry S. Stevens
Director of Senior School



A. Gurshteyn

He Doesn't Know!



O.S. Merzrean

Don't Move! That Wall Is
None Too Solid.



O.S. Merzrean

Imported Ham



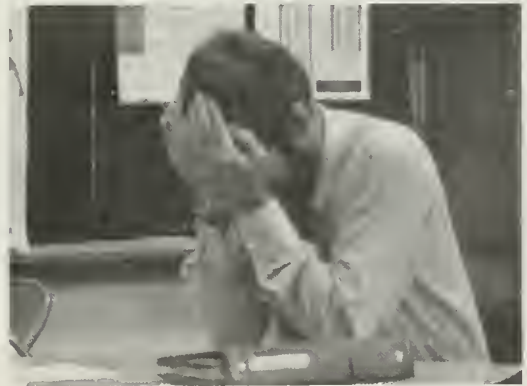
O.S. Merzrean

Now, Watch Again. This Connects To This.



O.S. Merzrean

All Those Wishing Dandruff Checks Line Up Over
There.



O.S. Merzrean

Where Did I Leave My Legs?



O.S. Mercreau

GOING!



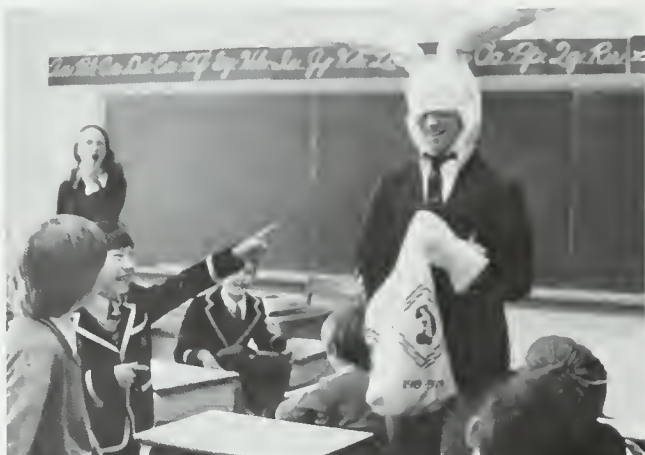
O.S. Mercreau

GOING!



O.S. Mercreau

GONE!



O.S. Mercreau

MUTANT!



O.S. Mercreau

I didn't believe they'd make us do this during class!



O.S. Mercreau

Just one tap and our I.Q.'s will be even.



O.S. Mercreau

Babysitting again ...



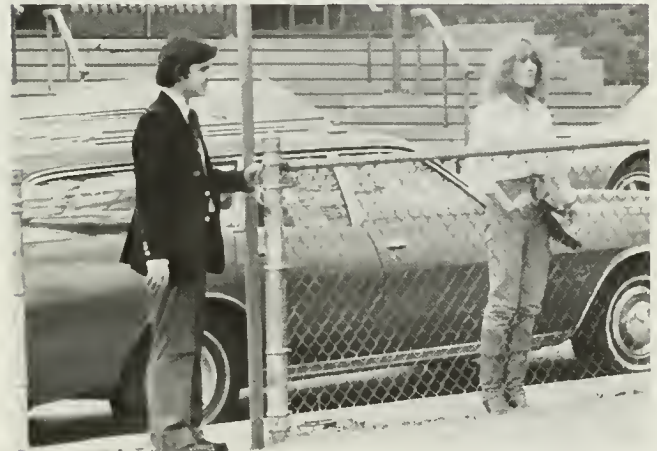
O.S. Mersereau

Sometimes you **HAVE** to get rough with 'em!



O.S. Mersereau

This seems more appropriate for Playboy than for the 4th Dimension.



O.S. Mersereau

Ever seen the inside of a Pontiac Firebird Lady?



O.S. Mersereau

Need protection?



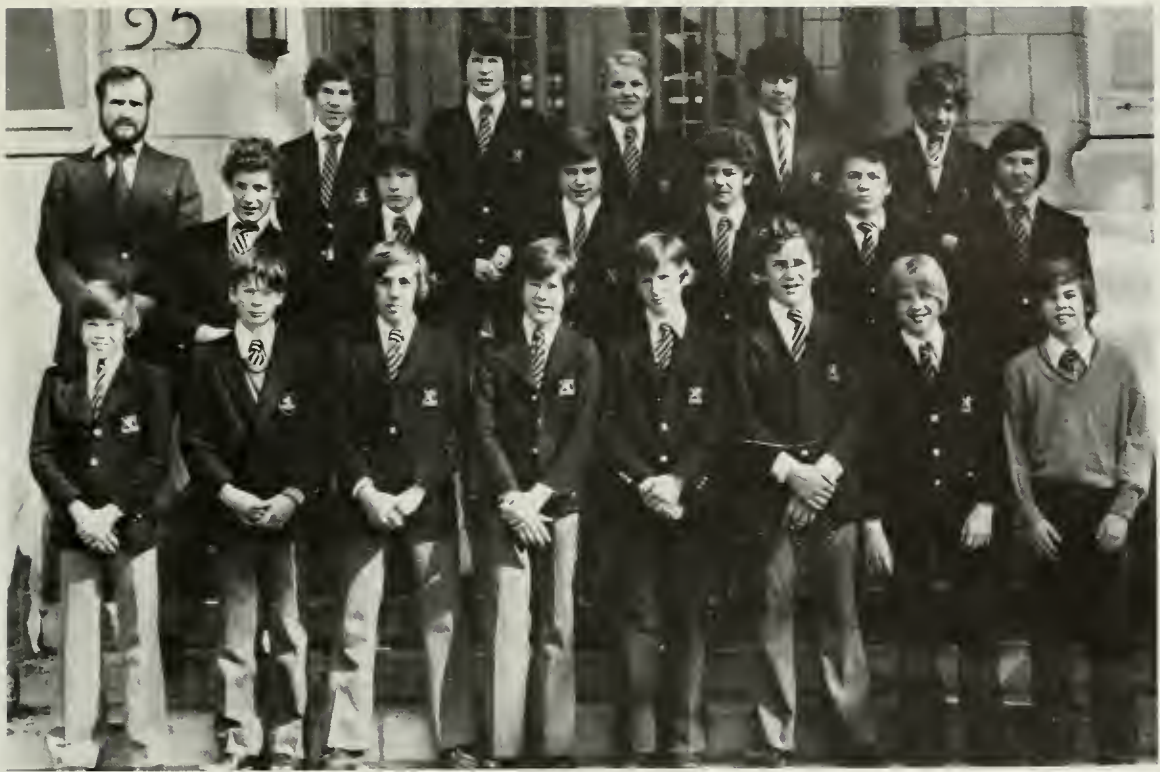
O.S. Mersereau

Cheap Labour.



8A

Stephen Ahern: Famous Admiral who went down with the ships in the public baths.
 Colin Chang : Last seen being rejected by the lions.
 William Coffey : Drowned in the public baths.
 Sean Cote : Working at the spaghetti factory.
 John Cowling : Special butcher featuring legs and arms.
 Pippo DeLeonardis : Toga salesman.
 Christopher Donald : Got in the way of the killing of Caesar.
 Gavin Drummond : Making class notes in 44 B.C.
 Christopher Eberts : Celebrating the death of Caesar.
 Robert Keene : Nero's violin stringer.
 Jens Kreig : Sweeping up after the lions.
 Opie Maag : Last seen floating down the Tiber.
 Shaun Maxwell : Failed 1st grade Latin four times.
 John O'Brien : Famous philosophers on rats.
 Timothy Reid : Arguing with Caesar whether it was Cassius or Casca who stabbed him first.
 Adam Rolland : Head Priest for the Goddess Isis.
 Blair Sheridan : Beating Out Rock For Caesar.
 Denis Stevens : Last seen delivering matches to Nero's house.
 Andrew Sussman : The wilting Tower of Pisa.
 David Sussman : Knife sharpener for conspirators.
 Timothy Zito : Last seen attacking a Hun with his schoolbag.
 Mr. Karn: Overseer at one of Cicero's villas.



8B

Andry- Monster friend, limey
 Ball- Class notes are boring
 Carter- "But sir, I left my book in the country."
 deAguayo- Water me and I'll grow.
 Gault- Same as Pateras.
 Gordon- Short and sassy.
 Grozman- Wanna buy a watch?
 Lapin- Hop-Hop-Hop.
 MacKay- Natural Gas, Inc.
 Norman- Dear Linda, Roses are red, Violets are green.
 Pateras- Same as Gault.
 Reid-What's up, doc?
 Sader- Dear Whimp, Rest in Peace.
 Saykalay- Weekly terrorist during study period.
 Utting- A likely Douglas candidate.
 Vineberg- Anything to beat the system.
 Webster- Get off me.
 Woodall- Mr. Olson.
 Rahlenbeck- Oh my leg ...
 Mr. Kershaw- What's this bee doing in my coffee?



8C

BRZEZINSKI Ambition: Pro football player. Probable destination: Peanut vendor at the Olympic Stadium.

CANLETT Ambition: Professional stuntman. Probable destination: Catching stuntmen as they leap off buildings.

DALY Ambition: To complete all of Mr. Zacko's "lines". Probable destination: Being a scribe in the scriptorium of a monastery.

HAM Ambition: To graduate at the end of grade eleven and leave the school with honours. Probable destination: Getting lost in the East wing bathroom at the end of grade eight.

HARTWIG Ambition: Surviving Mr. Zacko's classes. Probable destination: Being adopted by Mr. Zacko.

HOMA Ambition: Doctor. Probable destination: Nurse's aid.

JARVIS Ambition: To become the World's richest man. Probable destination: Bank teller.

KILPINEN Ambition: Astronaut for NASA. Probable ambition: Returning to his home planet.

KOENIG Ambition: Rock music star. Probable destination: Opera singer.

LEGOBURU Ambition: Pay toll attendant on the Quebec Autoroute. Probable destination: Sorting out the coins at the end of each day on the Autoroute.

MORDEN Ambition: Professional soccer player. Probable destination: Sewing the seams of soccer balls in the soccer ball factory.

MUNRO Ambition: Professional skier. Probable destination: Professional ski pole.

PASCAL Ambition: Professional basketball player. Probable destination: Gym janitor.

PLOJING Ambition: To be free! Probable destination: To be leader of a communist country.

REUSING Ambition: Lawyer. Probable destination: Bailiff.

SHEARSON Ambition: Television commentator. Probable destination: Microphone manufacturer.

SKINNER Ambition: Marine biologist. Probable destination: Working in a tuna fish canning factory.

ZACHARKIW Ambition: To overthrow the French department. Probable destination: To become a French teacher.



9A

Brady : Mr. Beanshove
 Czaharyn: Miss Superstar
 Delplace: Mr. Whimpo
 Downey: ... where is he?
 Heatherington: Almost a Mr.
 Houser: Mrs. Sof'n Dry
 Hunger: Herr
 Maag: Mr. Junkie
 Macfarlane: Mr. Perverse
 Norris: Mr. Moralist
 Pitblado: Mr. Tough
 Pratley: Mr. Brain
 Riley: Mr. Mentor
 Schwaub: Mr. Mature
 Stiefenhofer: Tart'n Tiny
 Stevenson: Mr. Nothing
 Stewart: Irish Stew
 Mr. Martin: The Curler



9B

Would you believe?

Astrakianakis: Not punching holes in the wall?
 Ballon: Looking down on Wilt Chamberlain
 Bernstein: Not being noticed?
 Braunstein: Without his briefcase?
 Broomfield: Being on time?
 Brydon: Becoming audible?
 Hasko: Being messy?
 Howard: Being neat?
 Kovalik: Not worshipping his calculator?
 Lapin: Not disposing of another teacher?
 Laplante: What more can we say?
 Osterland: Learning Spanish?
 Pace: Becoming triplets?
 Ramsey: Doing something useful?
 Reusing: Not ogling Cheryl Tiegs?
 Vivian: Not grinning?
 Mr. Reid: Being WITH us?



9C

This year, 9C has enjoyed an extremely productive year, the best in 20 years, so we're told. During the course of the year, 9C undertook such projects as the Great Desk Pyramid Construction Scheme, in which all the desks of our classroom were piled one-on-top-of-another, in the form of a pyramid. We also credit ourselves with the disposal of seven Linguistics teachers and two English teachers. We were, indeed, FORMIDABLE! Besides this, 9C has earned a reputation for its productivity and ruthlessness. We even noticed a slight grey tinge in the hair of Mr. Troubetzkoy. Miraculously, of all the Grade 9 class rooms, ours was in the best condition. It only suffered one blow when one of those flying Spanish dictionaries went through a window. All in all, we had a great year and look forward to the widened pursuits and horizons of Grade 10.



10A

Mr. Lum's Den: our beloved keeper.

Joshua Albert: Mathematics Alive.

Ali Argun: Anacin isn't even recommended for children.

Duncan Baird: It was said Duncan wouldn't know a computer if one bit him. Well, one did. Not only did he know it, but he reprogrammed it to bark, fetch, and roll over.

Garth Barriere: Farmer in the dell.

Greg Clarke: wooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooow !!

David Daly: Editor of HOCKEY NEWS magazine.

Michael Dungan: Moosacaun with pink jogging pants.

Jonathan Herman: the future's looking up..and up..and up!

Brian Iton: the unmasked, masked Prince.

Stephen Kohner: Year of the Child: "Can I come?"

Eugene Kovalik: "Neck bone connected to ankle bone..." "Biologically & structurally absurd."

Ted Nash: Sir! Sir! What can I do for more bonus marks?

Max Plojing: Moerk! Moerk! Moerk!

Anand Sahai: bouncy little fellow!

Jim Smeaton: Mr. Burgess anticipates Jim's participation in Literature.

Greg Thompson: Greg drifts in his own dream-world.

John Trott: innocently obnoxious (from one who knows).



10B

In the absence of a class note from 10B, the editors have to say that this was an outstanding bunch. Outstanding for what precisely is a bit more difficult to say. But outstanding anyway. Who could forget them?

Here they are, spread out alphabetically for all the world to see:

Ralph Beaveridge
 John Berton
 Chris Creighton
 Glen Fong
 Alexander Gault
 J.P. Guy
 Aidan Hollis
 Lawrence Hsu
 Tony Iton
 Damon Kuttan
 Sean Lafleur
 Charles Mappin
 David Miller
 Nick Rideout
 Clive Spiegel
 David Williams
 Peter Yamamoto
 Vlad Zeman
 Jonathan Zyte

DEBATING

This was an extraordinary year for Selwyn House's debating teams. After the departure of Mr. Aimers, the job of organizing the tournaments and weekly debates fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Troubetzkoy and the students, especially Toby Lennox and Robert Lande. The usual number of tournaments were entered and there were many successes. At the Provincial Tournament, Selwyn's team placed second out of twenty-six. The team was made up of Jean-Francois Chenier, John Warner, Toby Lennox and Robert Lande. Other highlights include Garth Bray's third place finish at the St. Lawrence University Public Speaking Contest, and Selwyn House's excellent finish at the Model U.N. at Plymouth, New Hampshire, where every Selwyn House delegate reached the finals. All in all it was a lively year for the debating team.



P. Reid



P. Reid

MONA'S TROUPE: THE JAZZ BALLET GROUP

Jazz Ballet is perhaps the newest addition to the extra-curricular activities at the School. The Troupe, which was headed by Mona Ghattas, met every Friday afternoon and gradually, its members developed their dancing skills. Perhaps the most important part of the experience was that they learned to express themselves in a completely new way in an art foreign to most.

The Troupe was involved in two performances during the year. They first performed in the Drama Pageant in March, where they did an Israeli folk dance and the Latin samba. The second performance was at Activities Night in May, at which a solo performance of jazz ballet and disco was given.

The Troupe members were Ali Argun, Paul Korn, Chris Paton, Nick Powell, Nick Rideout, David Shannon, led by Mona Ghattas.





SENIOR CHESS

Chess participation was lively this season. Many classrooms became the site of a battle royale during breaks, at lunch, or any other time.

Club activity consisted of practices and informal matches to determine top players in each grade. Of these, Jon Lapin (grade 9), Brian Iton (grade 10), and Jeff Neumann (grade 11) were chosen to play in tournaments outside the school.

Blitz matches and simultaneous games enriched club experience. Without doubt, the highlight of the year was a meeting with Grand Master Ljubomir Ljubojevic, from Yugoslavia. While playing in the tournament at Man and His World he accepted an invitation to speak with the players of Selwyn House. In a friendly encounter, Mr. Ljubojevic shared experiences of chess at the highest level.

MATH CLUB

For the first time a math club, under the supervision of Mr. Litvack, was offered. The objective of the club was to stimulate and encourage Mathematical interest. Students were involved in working with calculators and on various mathematical problems. Time was also taken to prepare students for the Junior Math Contest.

THE MIRACLE (?) WORKERS

This year, the author of this article will depart from the corny jokes and trite metaphors which have long been standard fare in describing the creation of the Yearbook. Unfortunately, without these ploys, there isn't much left to say; a group of foolhardy boys join the Yearbook committee in September, unaware of the colossal expenditures of time and energy which they will have to devote as the year progresses. The operative expression is "organized confusion", which means a slow and steady accumulation of material in a world filled with indifference-procrastinating teachers and students, hostile candid photographees, and a general lack of encouragement and enthusiasm, from the bottom up, while the committee plods industriously. By the beginning of July, however, the impossible task is somehow achieved, and while the committee congratulates itself on its diligence and (relative) good fortune, the Yearbook sails off for publication.

Benjamin Shaer



SENIOR PHOTOGRAPHY

Getting a picture that tells a story or "the" story of a special event is always a challenge. This year, with the help of Mr. Burgess, Mr. Varey, and Mr. Krindle, the Yearbook photographers were able to enjoy the challenge without the hassle that often accompanies it. Mr. Varey, who set up a very efficient filing and distributing system, helped us to cover almost every event. Mr. Burgess' supervision of the now well-equipped darkroom guaranteed satisfactory results in the printing and editing of the film. Mr. Krindle helped in taking team photos, while Oliver Mersereau, George Zarifi and Andrew Smith covered school happenings. To photographers and subjects, thanks for a very successful year.

Kenneth Burns
Photographic Editor



Early last September numerous complaints were made by members of staff concerning discordant squeals and mysterious grunts and groans emanating from the music room. But to no avail. Just recently, however, these sounds, formerly distasteful, have now blended into the dulcet tones of the Selwyn House Jazz Ensemble, whose members are boys from Grades 9, 10 and 11. The group, an innovation at the school, was created with the assistance of the McGill Conservatory of Music, which supplies the teachers for twice-weekly lessons. Four saxophones, two tenor and two alto, two trombones, two trumpets, a piano, drums and an electric guitar go to make up this musical group. All the musicians are enjoying themselves immensely and are showing a rapid improvement in their musical skills. Who knows, maybe sometime in the near future dances will have as an attraction the Selwyn House Jazz Ensemble!

THE SOUND OF JAZZ HITS THE SCHOOL



Photos by O.S. Mersereau.

SCIENCE CLUB

Besides putting on the normal display on Activities Night, taken from experiments done during the year in class, this year's Science Club expanded and undertook activities not previously done or seen before.

Under the direction of Mr. Kershaw, a group of boys visited the Montreal Aquarium (located next to La Ronde). The director, Mr. Penford, led the boys in front of the aquarium and gave them a "behind the scene" tour of the Aquarium. The infirmary and the holding water purification systems were just a few of the things seen.

Then came "Founder's Day". The members compiled a group of displays with the intention of having as much audience/spectator participation as possible. The

final result was a very interesting evening for the parents and for the boys.

The highlight of the year was the trip to the Ontario Science Centre in Toronto. Using one of the School's buses, Mr. Kershaw and twelve boys set off early one Saturday morning. Upon arriving in Toronto, the group went directly to the Science Center (but a little later than scheduled). The next day, the boys returned to the Science Center. In the Science Center there were exhibits and experiments. Some of these experiments were later tried at the School. The trip was a great success.

We thank Mr. Kershaw for his unlimited interest.



WOODWORKING

This year, we have been able to have our woodworking after lunch on Thursdays and Fridays. This has meant a longer period, which in turn provides for improved and more ambitious projects.

As usual, the turning of bowls, lamps and table legs on the lathe was the favorite project. Many fine pieces were turned, and much admired at the Activities Night held in May. Some other projects included a stereo cabinet, drafting table, chair tables, tool boxes, and the inevitable bird-feeder. All the boys are to be congratulated for their patience.

J. P. Martin



Who's got number 14?



Ten paces and then what?



I can't take it any more.

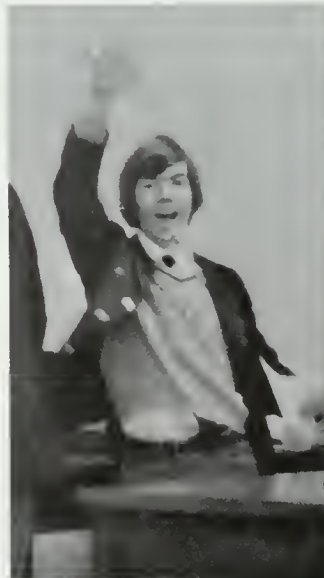
Here comes a policeman.



Photos by O.S. Mersereau



So what do I do with this?



Hey! There she is again!

Pretty as a picture.





Geez! It got Fred!



There's nothing like live action.



I hate these formal affairs.



Look, we don't allow spit balls.



Another rule bites the dust.



She loves me!



O.K. It'll go off just as he drives past.



Hit him low.



Photos by O.S. Merrean

I can't hear a thing!



She was, how you say ...



I'm a triple amputee!



One little shove and I've got him!



ACTIVITIES

Leadership Weekend



L.I. Seville



K. Burns



K. Burns



K. Burns
K. Burns





D. Osmond



D. Osmond

The Christmas Ball

The annual Selwyn House Ball was held on the 20th of October at The Queen Elizabeth Hotel and was hosted by the Headmaster, Mr. Troubetzkoy. The obvious purpose of the Ball was to provide a pleasant evening of dancing and socializing for everyone involved. In this respect, the Ball was definitely a tremendous success.

Attending the Ball were three major groups of people: the parents/teachers socialites, the Grade Eleven socialites and their dates, and the Grade Nine socialites and their dates. Members from the Grade Ten class were noticeably absent, with the exception of a few.

The dance music was a mixture of old and new. A conventional band supplied music aimed at pleasing the parents and teachers, while the TJ Mobile Disco DJ's supplied music aimed at pleasing the younger generation of disco lovers. Yet, the young and the not-as-young had and took advantage of every opportunity to mingle. Therein lay the basic reason for the Ball's great success.

The highlight of the Ball was the traditional Bunny Hop, everybody's favourite. This lasted for several minutes as everyone hopped around the Queen Elizabeth Ballroom. A daring few ventured out of the Ballroom (hopping, of course). This culminated a fine evening of fun for all concerned.

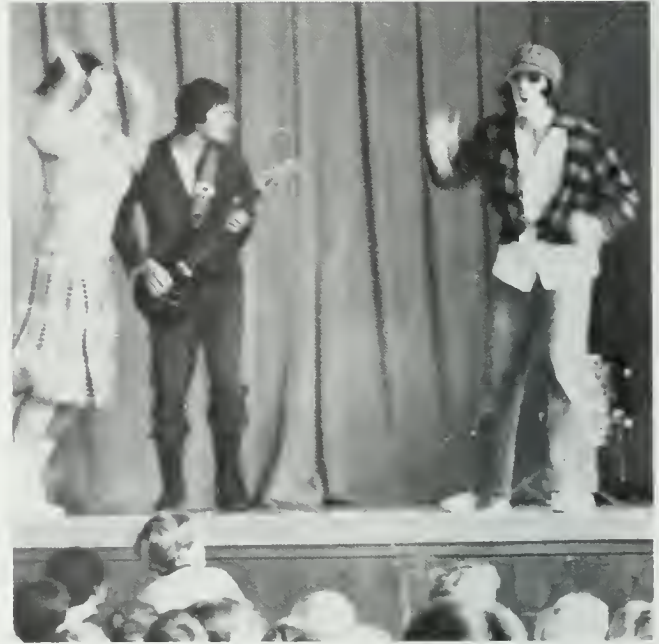


D. Osmond

I'd like you to meet my friend, Harvey.



O.S. Mersereau



O.S. Mersereau

THE SHOW GOES ON!



S. Maxwell
S. Maxwell





All Photos by A. Smith



MASQUERADE BALL



CHARITY DRIVE '79



Photos by O.S. Mersereau

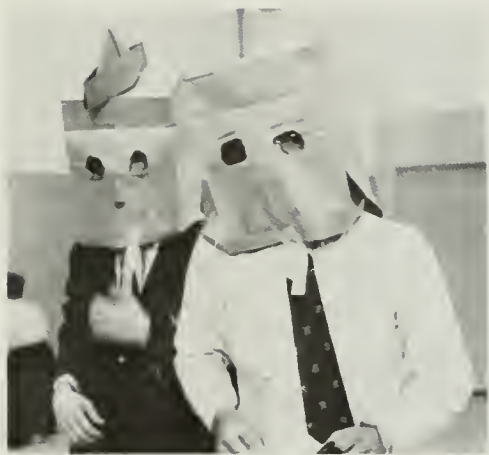


And he's paying us!





Don't you sell anything with more 'mature' subject matter?



The Unknown Hitmen



Photos by O.S. Mersereau



Two hours from now I'll be on a plane to Brazil.

\$2,922.00

THE GRADUATION DANCE



We know he's good, but can he really ... ?



When a fellow needs a friend!



Body Language



Say cheese!



Will-ee or won't he?



Aah ...!



To the best ...



... and the beautiful.



They're ready, but is the world?

The Gigs by A. Smith.



Now, in my day ...!



Here come da ...!



ACTIVITIES NIGHT







MEMORIES

Drifting beyond the reflection
of her face on the pond.
Into the serene beauty of her past.
she reaches to grasp lost loves
only to break the silent surface -
rippling memories
like the wrinkles on her face.

Gregory Thompson
Form 10A

INNOCENCE AND MADNESS

The shovelling had been messy work, the mud clinging to the spades, and Rudolf had shouted at the grave-diggers irritably. Now, he scraped some of the unevenly distributed earth into the shallower patches with his foot, balancing at an angle upon his crutch. The mourners slowly separated, and Crishia, wandering away from her parents, found herself to the extreme right of the crowd as it moved towards the castle.

"May I walk with you?" asked Rieker, approaching Crishia.

"Yes," said Crishia. "Oh, yes; of course you can."

She had never really liked him before, and was surprised at her own words.

Rieker glanced momentarily at her as he pulled out his pipe. When he had it lit, he said, "Not much in my line, Lady Crishia."

"What isn't?"

"Earth to earth; ashes to ashes, and all that sort of excitement," he said sardonically.

"Not much in anyone's line, I shouldn't think," she replied. "I don't like the idea of dying."

"Not when one's young, anyway," said the youth. "It's all right for our friend 'rattle-ribs: Not much life left inside him anyway."

"I like your being disrespectful, sometimes," said Crishia in a rush. Why must one try and be respectful to old people when they aren't considerate?"

"It's their idea," said Rieker. "They like to keep this reverence business going. Without it, where'd they be? Sunk. Forgotten. Over the side: for they've nothing except their age, and they're jealous of our youth."

"Is that what it is?" said Crishia, her eyes widening. "Is it because they are jealous? Do you really think it's that?"

"Undoubtedly," said Rieker. "They want to imprison us and make us work for them. All the old are like that."

"Mrs. Vlegg isn't like that," said Crishia.

"She is the exception," said Rieker, coughing in an unusual manner with his hand over his mouth. "She is the exception that proves the rule."

They walked in silence for a while. The castle loomed ominously overhead, and they were treading into the shadow of a tower.

"Where's your sword?" said Crishia. "How can you be without it? You don't know what to do with your hands."

Rieker grinned. This was a new Crishia. More animated, yet was it animation, or a nervous tired excitement which gave the unusual lift to her voice?

"My sword," said Rieker, rubbing his chin, "my dear little sword. I must have left it behind in the rack."

"Why?" said Crishia. "Don't you adore it any more?"

"I do, oh yes! I do," Rieker replied in a sarcastically, emphatic voice. "I adore it just as much as ever, but I felt it would be safer to leave it behind, because I probably would have done something very vicious and unjust with it."

"Oh, what would you have done with it?" Crishia asked in a mildly interested way.

"I would have pricked Rudolf's guts with it," said Rieker. "Most delicately, here and there, and everywhere, until the old scarecrow was screaming like a dying cat; and when he had yelled all the breath out of his black lungs, I'd have tied him by one leg to a branch and set fire to his beard. So you see what a good thing it was that I didn't have my sword, don't you?"

But when he turned to her, Crishia was gone from his side. He could see her running through the misty air in a strange, excited manner, but whether she was running for pleasure, or in order to rid herself of him, he could not know.

Alexander Gault
Form 10B



THE OAK TREE

Although a large oak tree blocked my vision, I could still see the crowds of people milling around the sidelines of the rugby field. Through the rain-splattered windshield of the car I was sitting in, it appeared that the grass was no longer green but that the whole field had been painted in a swampy-brown colour. Farther away, on the opposite side of the field, players, in mud-plastered uniforms, huddled together. Branches of the sturdy oak tree still partially obstructed the view, but I could see school girls with soaked strands of long hair, craning their necks and yelling, as the players sailed by in a muddy turmoil. Stretched interminably was an uninterrupted pattern of small hills and winding grey sidewalks, coupled with the stunted maples that dotted the landscape. Through the leaves of the oak tree, I caught glimpses of the excited groups of supporters as rain spilled from a sky turned grey.

John Houser
Form 9A

SOFT I HEAR THE HEAVENS SING

Soft I hear the heavens sing
soft in the breeze beneath the sky
soft to the touch of my twilight-touched eyes
sound of my sorrow-drowned cry.
Soft I feel the dark descending
dead as night in the half-light sorrow--sweet waves fall to the sea
Love's ocean-drop can't drown tomorrow
when love, like ripened fruit, falls from the tree.

Soft I hear the silent evening
swan-singing heaven like love in the night
and the hymns we chanted just sultry sighs
awake with the visioning flash of the light.
Soft I feel the fall of summer's eve
and see her hide behind her autumn leaves;
our paradise falls fast beneath your eyes
watching and waiting while death drips down the eaves.

Soft I know my eyes are crying
weak as the winging birds about my head;
the stars of fleeting love these holy eyes;
sweet desire the fires of love are dead:
half-light joy already mourning,
soft my little lord this spending pawn
drained of love my strength is waning
sād in the sighlence swift and gone.

Fame glimmers
Away from expecting eyes
Just over the next hill.

Martin Osmond
Form 11A

BODY CASTS CAN BE FUN

Plastered Pompeians make comeback in museum show after 1900-year hiatus.--News Item

Pompeians: people of plaster--
People plastered in Pompeii:
Not people non-plussed by a punch-bowl
But Pompeians in plaster of Paris
(Not Plaster Parisienne Pamplemousse
But Plaster Preserved Pompeians
Nor Pagan plastic preserves, pomposly proclaimed
But pitiful Pompeians in perplexing positions).
It's a peculiar pageant for the cultural improvement
Of repellant proles, who'll peek at the petrified plight of pathetic Pompeians,
Prostrate Pompeians appallingly posed by plummeting pumice.
May they someday rest in peace.

G. Owen Rogers
Form 11A

A fishing boat
lies crippled on its back
awaits the tide to take it away.

Philippe Bry
Form 11A

There once was a man named Hades
who longed to own a Mercedes
After diving in the Thames,
got a bad case of the Benz.
Now he can impress all the ladies!

Brett Howard
Form 9B

There once was a legion of nannies,
who were happy in nooks or in crannies.
They were mentally ill,
but of strength, had their fill.
For they daily worked out at Vic Tanny's.

Christopher Chapman
Form 11A

There once was a man named Billy
Who came all the way from Philly.
He went to New York
To buy some port,
But ended up buying some chili.

Andrew Nemec
Form 11A

A WALK THROUGH THE FOREST

Tom awoke soon after sunrise. He climbed out of his tent, and cooked porridge on a kerosene stove. It was a cold and misty morning. Tom's porridge and his breath seemed to be the only signs of life in the forest. The porridge became Tom's companion; he cursed at it for being lumpy and for cooking too slowly. When it stopped opposing him, and became hot, sweet and creamy, Tom devoured it, and then forgot about it. His companion gone, he was alone, exposed to the distant yet embracing sounds of the forest. He hurriedly packed his tent and set his goal for the day: he would walk ten kilometers to escape the forest, and drive home that night. He was, as usual, in a hurry for no reason.

As he marched down the steep trail, the trees seemed to be people stooping over him, but he was as separate from the forest as he was from the "gang" in his town. Everywhere, he heard rustlings and whispers in the trees, but when he looked up, they were gone. He wished that he were an animal or a tree, and could be a friend of the forest and know all its secrets and laugh with it at the outsiders, but he was the outsider.

Tom began to ignore the trail and the bothersome forest. He spent his time thinking about himself. He had never been accepted into any social circle. He never had anybody to laugh at jokes with, and with whom to tease society outcasts, people, like Tom, who had few friends, and were thought by others to be "strange", for no reason apparent to Tom. He, himself, had often been teased. "Why?" he wondered. He realized that he had always been stubborn and different from the others, but that was originality. Weren't others supposed to like original characters?... Tom realized that maybe he had been wrong all his life in supposing this; he realized that to be liked he had to act like his friends, and be loyal to them, and he did want to be liked; he wanted it very much. He suddenly became very self-conscious. The pack on his back was very heavy, and the trail was rough, but he did not stop.

Slowly, he climbed up a loose gravel hill, carefully placing one foot ahead of the other. Was it worth changing himself for companionship? He had spent many years building up his character. Of course this did not mean anything to others, since everyone thought that he was strange, and they did not want to associate with him, but his character was important to himself. It gave him confidence to know that he was a "self made man", but was he happy? It gave him pride to be "original". He could stand up and say, "I'm not like all these other people; I think for myself!", but what good did that do? Happiness does not exist if you cannot share it with anyone. He used to think that people would admire him for being original, but people admire only themselves; they are jealous of others.

If he were like everyone else, he would be common. That was what he feared: the word "common". It was just a word, but a powerful one, a deadly insult, yet was happiness not worth an insult? He wanted laughter and friendship, and if he had to give up his pride for it, he would do so.

Tom forgot about his pack and the thick roots across the trail. He walked briskly and contentedly towards civilization. He realized that he might still not be accepted by some people, but this did not trouble him. As he marched through the forest, he still heard it whispering, but to him, not about him.

It was funny, he thought, that this forest, which was completely unrelated to his social life in the city, had, for the first time in his life, made him really think about himself and the relations he had with his friends. It seemed that all the events that occurred that day in the forest, and all the moods of the nature seemed to Tom to reflect his own emotions. The one important thing needed by Tom in order to learn what he wanted out of life was to see this reflection of himself in nature. The walk through the forest had taken Tom from his old life into a new, and for him, a better one.

Vlad Zeman
Form 10B

THE HUNT

It was four o'clock in the morning, somewhat early by his standards, but he had hardly been able to sleep that night, anyway. His father, the experienced big game hunter, had entertained him with stories of the hunt for as long as he could remember. Now, two weeks after his tenth birthday, his father had finally granted him his wish, after decades of waiting, it seemed.

The State hunting season was due to start at eight o'clock that morning, but the hotel, filled for several days with hunters boasting and showing off their weapons, was quite empty and still. Shouldering his high-powered 28-gauge shotgun like a man, he climbed into the passenger seat of the Land Rover, next to his father. He made himself as comfortable as possible for the bumpy twenty-minute journey and thought, to the extent that his over-excited mind would allow, of his school-mates who had spoken of his father's hobby with scorn and ridicule. There were too many deer anyhow; why else would hunting be allowed, and it was so exhilarating; he vindicated his father.

He was jarred from his daydreams by the Land Rover lurching to a stop. Grabbing his shotgun and pack, he jumped out, closed the door, and turned toward his father. They were at the end of a dirt road; huge pines stood all around, and the not-so-distant gunshots were muffled and distorted by the wind. Reassured by his father that they would encounter big game, and that he would have first shot, they set out into the forest.

After a rapid hour of searching, his father observed a small group of deer, four or five in all, on a rise on the other side of the brook below them. They slowly advanced down and across the brook, getting soaked to the waist in the process, until the deer were about two hundred yards off. Then, in order to increase their chance of a kill, and decrease the deers' chance of escape, they split up. He was to approach the group in a wide semi-circle, while his father came around from the other direction. Perhaps they might even get two kills.

He managed by crawling through the brambles and poison ivy, to get within a hundred feet of the nearest deer; they were now unfortunately spread out over a large area. He raised his shotgun, and with trembling fingers and a knot in his stomach, aimed at the solitary deer. At that moment, a stirring in the bush, not fifty feet from where he crouched, caught the corner of his eye. His mind was highly focused on the task at hand, and he instantly assumed it to be an errant deer. As steady as he could keep himself, he swung the shotgun towards the bush, and fired.

A strangely human cry resounded through the forest, and for a moment he wondered inanely whether the deer made that sound. Then the truth hit him; he stood up, dropped the shotgun, and ran over to the spot. He beheld his father's body, the chest pulverized and matted with blood and skin. His vision blacked out, and his head swimming, he thought numbly that this time the deer got away.

Damon Kuten
Form 10B



THE STORM AT SEA

The water is swollen to a tremendous height. As it lashes against the jagged rocks, great mounts of foam emerge. One cannot tell where the horizon is, for the colour of the water and the sky are the same: the colour of jet black. The rain pours down and beats harshly against the water. The rocks seem to slash through the water with their sharp and deadly edges as the waves attack them. There are bodies of dead birds scattered all over the rocks; there are gigantic waves in the centre of all this commotion. As they reach the rocks they burst into mountains of foam. But still with all this danger man seems not to care, and persists to go out to sea.

Probal Lala
Form 7A

THE STORM

The weather had been clear for weeks. Life was beautiful. It seemed that these tranquil, blissful days would never cease.

One morning, a thin haze appeared on the horizon; then, unnoticed, it thickened slowly, imperceptibly, until it stretched across the sky and blotted out the sun. With the darkening sky came rain and wind and the end of tranquility.

The storm raged for hours: flowers withered, trees broke under the onslaught, houses crumpled until finally the wind blew itself out. It was over. Stillness spread through the land for what had been, was gone and no memory of former life remained.

All life is prey to storms. Plants wilt under them; animals run from them; only man heads into them and conquers them. The spirit never dies. The personality that was gentle in the face of scorn, tough when faced with weakness, and honest in the presence of hypocrisy, lives forever. Storms buffet it and, though the body finally surrenders in the final tempest, the soul will survive through all eternity.

Kenneth Burns
Form 11A

A PLEA

Somebody listen.
A child is calling.
Value his freedom;
Enfold his well-being

Take time to help him.
Hear his great plea.
End the long battle.

for

Can you imagine
Having to live
In desperate hunger -
Lonely and sad,
Depressed and forgotten,
Rejected, unwanted,
Engulfed in despair,
No place to call home?

Alex Brown
Form 6A



A CYNICAL LOOK AT THE YEAR OF THE CHILD

The Year of the Child is a promotional
ploy
to sell greeting cards and an occasional
toy.
Like saving the seals, and Women's Lib:
Demonstrate; tie a baby to his crib.
Throughout the world, when given a
chance,
all is forgiven when they wet their pants.
Chinese toast the Dragon; the Pole's,
their Pope.
But a Year of the Child? I can see no
hope.
Let's celebrate hunger, disaster, disease.
For the child suffers most from all of
these.

Gavin Drummond
Form 8A



THE YEAR OF THE CHILD

The Year of the Child is a happy year.
Every child tries his first keg of beer.
And if any of the parents try to interfere,
they'll be taken to the dungeon with the cattle and
steer.

The teachers just happen to trip in the halls
over strings that just happen to be tied to the walls.
All of the children are having a ball,
and the people who have fun are all very small.

All of the children are playing in the sand,
while both the parents are locked in the van.
History teachers are close at hand
to tell about the life of an Indian band.

But to be more serious and much more frank,
it's our parents we should thank.
For our food, our clothes, and our boat that sank.
And for their understanding when we pull that prank.

Geoffrey Webster
Form 5B

SIR THADDEUS VERSUS THE SLOTHFUL THING

"How durst thou come and look upon my person in all its splendour, its...?" inquired the Slothful Thing.

"How durst thou accost thy slayer in such a manner?"

"Thou art verily the knave of all knaves, fool of fools...." proclaimed the brave Sir Thaddeus. One ought now hear how such a fierce battle came into its being.

Whilst he was a lad of ten and four score years, the young Thaddeus fell in love with a fair young maiden of the name of Katherine. Betwixt the two, an everlasting bond of affection came into creation. In such a way did Thaddeus come into his knighthood and would that he might marry his fair love Katherine that did so adore him. A day was appointed for the young couple to be wed. At such times as this of fleeful preparation, foul things will occur such as will make the bold tremble.

A fortnight ere the coming of the bond, the fair maiden Katherine was taken by the notorious Slothful Thing whilst she rode with her bridegroom in the fair wood, commonly called by the name of Brownwood, but more reverently called Forest of the Fair Trees.

As soon as the noble Sir Thaddeus had pondered in what way his foe might have taken lovely Katherine, he pursued in a most unslothful way. Upon realizing the loathsome hole that the monster proclaimed as home, Sir Thaddeus in a monarch's voice cried:

"Havoc, most uncouth sir. I would that you free the fair maiden Katherine, else I shall pursue thee till thy foul limbs are no more."

To which the vile thing replied:

"How durst thou come and looketh upon my person in all its splendour, its magnamity, its greatness and its superiority? Thou lily-livered baby, I have fought men ten score better than thou!"

"How durst thou accost thy slayer in such a manner? Thou art verily the knave of all knaves, fool of fools! I shall cleave thy foul head from thy body in but a minute's time; the same for that vile toe that hangeth from thy sour belly!" proclaimed the brave Sir Thaddeus.

And so they fought, ere and anon, one not daring to slack lest the other bring him unto harm. Indeed, verily was the noble Sir Thaddeus weary, yet, for the sake of fair Katherine, he continued. Finally, with a mighty stroke, he clove off the great toe which in truth was in all the nucleus of the Slothful Thing. Thereupon, the Thing began to dissolve.

"Foul Shrew! Thou has defeated me in my glory! 'Twas a lucky stroke only that broughtest thou such spoils, young maggot!" gasped the Slothful Thing as it came to nothingness.

After catching his mighty breath, the brave Sir Thaddeus in exclamatory tone did say:

"I say, Kathy, what a damned cheeky devil that fellow was."

Upon which the fair maid, Katherine, replied, "forget that pewky bugger Tad. Let's get married!"

As they did walk happily into the woods together, hand in hand, Sir Thaddeus inquired of Katherine, "Oh, dear, did you handle the honeymoon arrangements?"

"Oh, yes! After the perfectly soppy wedding our parents want, we go off in a gilded coach to Marseilles, where we stay in a cozy little inn with an innkeeper who will leave us perfectly alone to our own devices."

"You little vixen! I can see this honeymoon isn't going to be a bore! exclaimed Sir Thaddeus.

Upon which, this account doth end as the abbot of this abbey hath put a ban on the rest of it.

Tim Reid
Form 8A

CHAPTER ONE IN WHICH HAMLET'S GHOST APPEARS, AND HAMLET THINKS

Bernardo, while on guard one night, stood talking to his friend, Francisco.

"Was your guard quiet tonight?" asked Francisco.

"It was the usual guard, if you know what I mean." said Bernardo rather carelessly, and Francisco, who thought he did, said, "Oh!" Then he said, "Have you seen Horatio and Marcellus yet? They were going to meet me here."

Just then, they heard some steps behind them, and out from the dark came Horatio and Marcellus.

"Hullo, Horatio. Hullo Marcellus." said Bernardo.

"Have you seen It yet, Bernardo?" said Horatio nervously. "If there is an It." he said. "Which I doubt." said he.

"There is an It." said Marcellus, "for we have seen it - the It, that is - both the last two nights."

Suddenly, he pointed excitedly in front of him. "Look!"

Out from the corner, the It appeared. Indeed, it looked like a ghost - possibly a Ghost of Hostile Intent.

"It looks like Hamlet Sr.!" said Bernardo.

"You are a Man of Great Brain, Horatio; speak to it." said Marcellus.

"Yes, it is the king. Speak to it, Horatio." said Bernardo.

Horatio said that it did look like the dead king, and jumped nervously. Then, to show his courage, he jumped once or twice more (due to the cold, of course) and agreed to speak with it.

But after only a few words, the ghost left, and the guards all talked about it together.

"What must we do, Horatio?" said Bernardo.

"It is the dead king!" said Marcellus.

"This means that something of Great Importance will happen."

declared Horatio triumphantly, though he was not sure of himself. "Let's tell Hamlet about the ghost. It might talk to him."

"Yes, let's." said Marcellus. And so the three of them went to get Hamlet.

Later, Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus came trotting back to the spot where the ghost had been seen before. And, indeed, but a few minutes passed before the ghost appeared again.

"Look! It's here again!" cried Horatio excitedly; and then, "It's calling you, Hamlet."

"Don't go!" said Marcellus, fidgeting nervously. "It might be a Ghost of Hostile Intent - you know, That Sort of Ghost."

"I have to go." said Hamlet bravely. "If I don't, it will not say anything."

And so, our brave hero, Hamlet, went off with the Ghost of Possibly Hostile Intent. When they finally arrived at a more quiet spot, the ghost began to speak.

"I am your father's ghost. I have been doomed to walk the nights for some time."

"But why?" asked Hamlet, his eyes wide with wonder. And so the ghost told the story of his murder by Hamlet's uncle, all the while Hamlet listening with Great Interest. Finally, the Ghost came to the end of the story.

"I have to go now." he said. "Remember my words." he said. "And don't forget me." said he. And here we leave Hamlet, as did the ghost, thinking hard with his head in his hands.

Patrick Webster
Form 11B

A MAN AND A LAMP

Tourneley, County Galloway, Ireland.

Matt looked at his cheap Timex watch. It was late. Soon he would be out in the field with Willi, his dog, his staff, and his grandfather's old oil-lamp, urging on his quietly noisy sheep, down the grassy slopes, through the window-lit streets of the village, and back to farm. He put on his boots ...

"Ah, Miss Mary, would ye be gettin' awee from the winda'; like a good goorl. You'll catch a cold, you will."

Miss Mary looked back at her aging nanny, rocking peacefully in her rocking-chair by the fire. "But Toby, I wanted to see old Matt and the sheep."

Toby muttered something and Miss Mary kept her place by the window; she could hear the sheep in the distance.

In a moment, they were trotting along the street beneath her, chuckling to each other. Willi was barking from somewhere and soon appeared, rushing and snapping at the heels of the flowing herd.

And then the lamp appeared, first as a motionless fleck of orange in the distance, and then a swinging, bouncing light, growing gradually as it moved along the street.

Now she could make out the figure of old Matt, the shepherd, as he approached her window, herding on a few wayward sheep. He walked by oblivious of his window spectator, and once again was only a bobbing light in the darkness. She thought of him and whispered "Father" to herself, and left the window.

Michael Dungan
Form 10A



SPORTS



MIDGET SOCCER

The school's midget team, under the guidance of coach Dave Cude, enjoyed the best season of any soccer team in Selwyn House history. In exhibition play, the team won 5 games, tied 1, and lost 2. In league playoff matches, it won 6 games and lost 2.

The team finished first in its G.M.A.A. competition and defeated Outremont High School in semi-final play. Advancing to the finals, the midgets narrowly lost the city championships to James Lyng High School by a score of 3 to 2.

In each of the games played this season, the outstanding characteristic demonstrated by the players was the spirit of hard work. As a unit, the team improved steadily all season and provided the school with some very exciting and memorable matches.

The team expresses much gratitude to the efforts and dedication of their coach - David Cude.



Photos by G.C.I. Burgess



BANTAM SOCCER



G.C.I. Burgess

OLD BOYS' GAME



P. Reid



G.C.I. Burgess



R. Dale



D. Kredl



R. Dale

FOOTBALL



SENIOR FOOTBALL

This year's senior football team showed the character and sportsmanship necessary for a successful season. It was a pleasure to play on such a well-integrated team; even practices seemed enjoyable.

It is difficult to single out those who played best, and impossible to determine who provided the most leadership; nevertheless, a few names must be mentioned. Giovanni Galeotti, Tony Iton, and Greg Thompson, as members of the offense, were instrumental in establishing a running game, and enabled the team to average almost twenty points per game. Andrew Nemec, Nick Powell, and Jaimie Ross played a fine game and made up a generally tight defense.

Perhaps the strength of the team lay in its ability to combine both winning and enjoyment in its play. Many thanks to Mr. Beauchamp and Mr. Heath for leading us to our successful season.





BANTAM "B" FOOTBALL

The great turnout for Bantam football led to the formation of two teams, styled "A" and "B". The team styled "B" consisted of grade 8 who, led by captains Matthew Brzezinski and Sebastian Gault, played a total of seven games, winning three, losing three, and tying one. The powerful example set by the captains led to outstanding performances by Bruce Laker, Chris Donald, Tim Zyto, Gavin Drummond, and Blair Sheridan. The biggest stars, however, were coaches Robin Wearing and Geoff Dowd. From the entire team, many thanks for a successful and much enjoyable season.



J. Herman







G.C.I. Burgess



P. Reid



J. Herman



J. Herman

BADMINTON



CURLING



This year's curling team made a fair start in its first year of G.M.I.A.A. competition. The two teams, one skipped by Dave Kredl and the other by Andy Brociner, provided some tough competition for L.C.C., Loyola, and Howard S. Billings. With this year's record of five wins, seven losses, we hope to improve upon it next year.

Special thanks go to Mr. J. P. Martin and the R.M.C.C.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING



Under the leadership of Mssrs. William Kershaw and Bradley Moffat, this year's cross-country skiing team did well, surprisingly- er, rather, surprisingly well; after training on the trails of Mount Royal, the team entered three G.M.A.A. tournaments, placing first in the Midget category, (Winning Midgets were Ian Aitken, Peter Stewart, Chris Chreighton, John Cowling, Jens Kreig and Eske Kilpinnen), with excellent showings in Bantam and Juvenile categories. Individual silver medals were awarded to Ian Aitken and Stephen Fong, a member of the Juvenile team who also won the award for Most Valuable Skier.

WRESTLING



Thanks to Mr. Wearing's excellent job as coach, this year's wrestling team won the G.M.A.A. wrestling championship. The two-day event saw S.H.S. enter with a 4-1-1 record in the dual meets. After the first day Selwyn House was in second place; however, through a very fine showing on the second day, the school managed to win the event.

Team members T. Andry, M. Brzezinski, J. Carter, P. DeLeonardis, S. Hasko, B. Howard, S. Kohner, T. Nash, and G. Reusing, along with late-comer J. Warner, wrestled exceptionally well throughout the year, and A. Nemec and M. Pateras won in their respective weight-categories to end an undefeated season.

The team also entered numerous provincial tournaments; three even went to the Nationals in Montreal.

Once again, many thanks to Mr. Wearing for his many hours of help without which we would never have succeeded as we did.

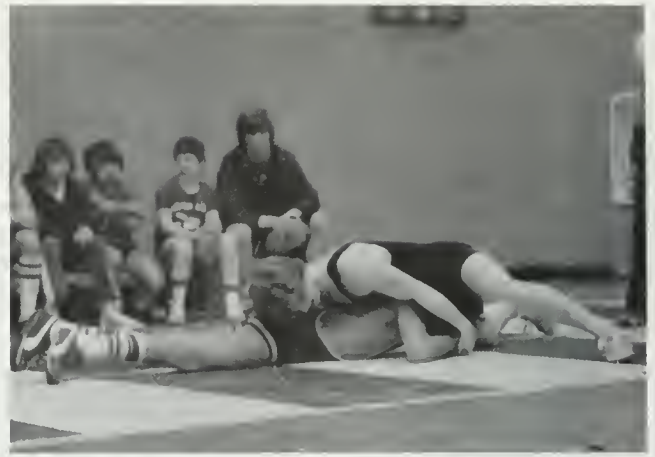


Andrew MacKay





A. Mackay



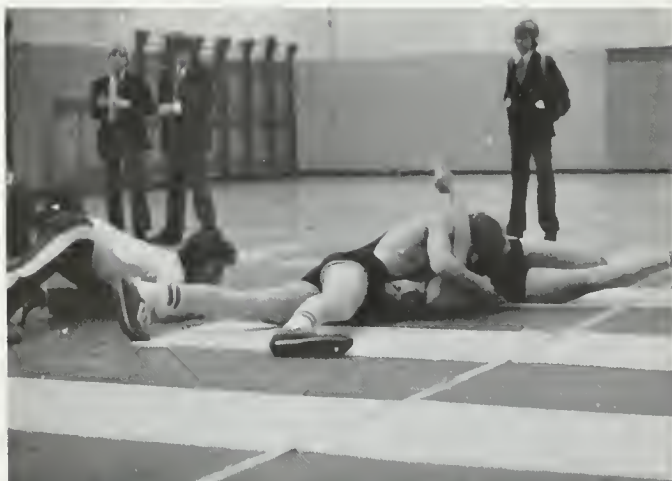
A. Mackay



A. Mackay



A. Mackay



A. Mackay



G. Reford

MIDDLE SCHOOL HOCKEY



BANTAM HOCKEY



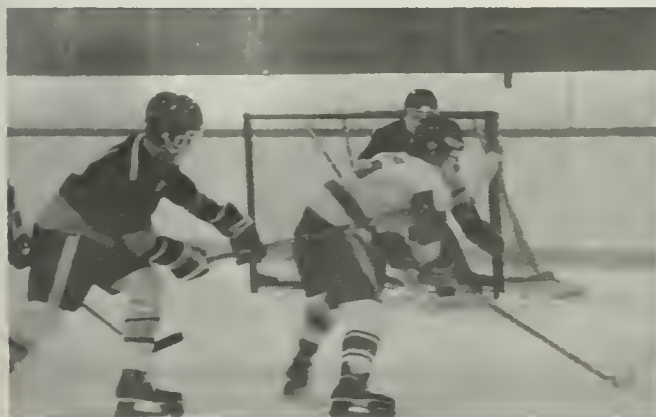
Thanks to the superb coaching of Dave Cude, who devoted a great deal of his time, patience, and support to the Bantam Hockey team, we had a very successful year. The team's outstanding effort resulted in its placing first at the Bishop's tournament and second at the L.C.C. tournament. In G.M.A.A. competition both the forwards and defensemen helped protect the incredible goaltending of Mark Johnson. All in all, the team had an excellent year in competition in the G.M.A.A. and against other private schools from the Toronto area and Southern Quebec.

Captains: John Czaharyn
Andrew Osterland
David Ramsay

Coach: David Cude



SENIOR HOCKEY



BASKETBALL



MIDDLE SCHOOL



Photos by R. Dale



BANTAM



MIDGET

For the past two years, one thing has been said about this group of basketball players; "Although their record isn't impressive, the boys have collected lots of experience and can look forward to a better season next year."

This year they can't say that. Under the relaxed coaching of Geoff Dowd, this team emerged from the garbage can and came very close to achieving the .500 plateau. However, we do look forward to an even better season next year.





RUGBY



SENIOR RUGBY

This year's senior rugby team enjoyed its greatest season ever. Led by Captain Karel Nemec, the team went on to its first ever unbeaten season and captured the G.M.A.A. championship. Forwards G. Galeotti, A. Nemec, M. Osmond, M. Pateras, and J. Warner played consistently well during the season. However, when the forwards were having difficulty, the backs (J. Berton, A. Gault, M. Plojing, A. Price, and G. Thompson) came through.

The high-points of the season were: trouncing Appleby 45-3; squeezing past T.C.S.; beating Bishop's for the first time on its own field; edging by L.C.C. twice; and outlasting Riverdale for the city championship.

Non-regulars E. J. Bernard, D. Daly, M. Dungan, and P. Yamamoto proved invaluable to the team when key personnel were injured.

Many thanks to Peter Govan, the coach, who spent much time and effort putting together this year's team.



BANTAM RUGBY

SEVEN A SIDE



FIFTEEN A SIDE



Photos by O.S. Mersereau





Photos by O.S. Mersereau





TENNIS

This year's tennis team had a fairly good season in competition. The doubles teams of Nick Powell-Jaimie Ross and John Trott-Sean Lafleur both reached the quarter-finals in G.M.A.A. competition, as did Jeffrey Neumann in the singles. In a friendly match against Bishop's, we also fared well; with the added support of Brian Iton, Ted Nash, Robert Lande, Jonathan Herman, and David Ramsay, the number of matches won and lost ended in a tie. However, it was the enthusiasm toward tennis itself which was outstanding. Under the patient coaching of Mr. Lumsden, everyone learned and enjoyed, in both practice and competition, what tennis is really about. Also, with the strong showing from both grades nine and ten, we are looking forward to an even more successful season next year.



O.S. Merseanu

SQUASH



The squash programme has continued to stress instruction in skills and strategy and the standard of play has greatly improved among its members. Tournament competition at all levels showed a marked advance, especially among the most experienced players. Karel Nemec, Andrew Black, and Sean Lafleur competed in the U.S. Junior Championships held at Brown University and at the Canadian Junior Championships at Western University and all played very well. Lafleur was, in addition, a member of the Quebec team which won the Ontario Under 16 Team Tournament at Upper Canada College. Reed Ballon and Paul Laplante were members of the Quebec Under 14 Team at this same tourney.

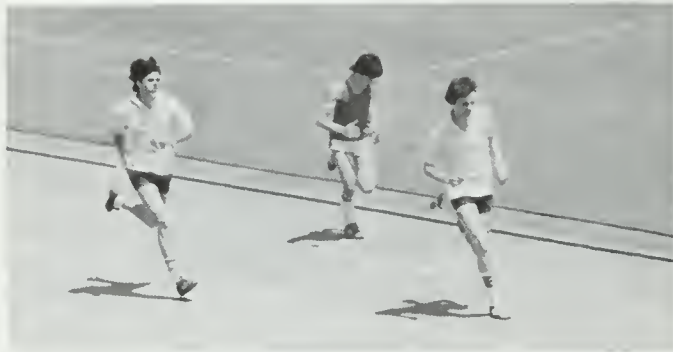
During the season, Fred Kristof, Peter Norris, Ron Riley and David Stevenson competed at the Toronto Cricket Club and in the Ottawa and District Tournament. All played exceptionally well. Selwyn House also sent a full complement of players to both the Quebec Provincial Championships, with outstanding efforts coming from Lawrence Hsu, Robert Lande, Jean Chenier, Jeff Neumann and Toby Lennox, and to the Canadian National Softball Championships in Winnipeg, where Geoffrey Moore and David Stevenson gained invaluable experience. Martin Osmond, Richard Whitehead and Alex Gault provided strong leadership for the squash team against traditional rivals B.C.S. and Stanstead.

Coach: Brian Porter

Andrew Black
Toby Lennox
Richard Whitehead
Robert Lande
Martin Osmond
Jean Chenier
Jeff Neumann
Alex Gault
Lawrence Hsu

Sean Lafleur
Peter Norris
Paul Laplante
Fred Kristof
Reed Ballon
Ron Riley
David Stevenson
Geoffrey Moore

TRACK MEET



Photos by O.S. Mersereau





A. Mackay



O.S. Mersereau



O.S. Mersereau



O.S. Mersereau



SPORTS BANQUET





ACADEMIC PRIZE GIVING

MIDDLE SCHOOL AWARDS

Grade 5, 1st ETIENNE COTE
Grade 6, 1st ALEXANDER BROWN
Grade 7, 1st DEREK EATON

Grade 5, 2nd CHRISTOPHER PRATLEY
Grade 6, 2nd ERIK BLACHFORD
Grade 7, 2nd MARK JANY
Grade 7, 3rd THOMAS HOOD

THE GRANT GAIENNIE MEMORIAL AWARD
(For all-round Ability in Grade 5)
CHRISTOPHER NAUDIE

ALL-ROUND ABILITY IN GRADE 6
(Presented by Mrs. A.I. Matheson)
ALEXANDER BROWN

THE SELWYN HOUSE CHRONICLE CUP
(Essay Writing in Grade 7)
DEREK EATON

THE MRS. MARKLAND PRIZE
(For distinction in public speaking)
KIRK RUSSELL

THE E. GEOFFREY BRINE AWARD
(For outstanding effort, enthusiasm and ability in the Middle School)
TOMMY McFARLANE

THE F. GORDON PHILLIPS TROPHY
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. F.E. Hale)
(For outstanding choral work)
KARN'S CHORISTERS

SENIOR SCHOOL AWARDS

Grade 8, 1st DENIS STEVENS
Grade 9, 1st JOSEPH KOVALIK
Grade 10, 1st LAWRENCE HSU

Grade 8, 2nd COLIN CHANG
Grade 8, 3rd MANUEL LEGORBURU
Grade 9, 2nd NICHOLAS PRATLEY
Grade 9, 3rd HIRSH BERNSTEIN
Grade 10, 2nd DUNCAN BAIRD

RT. HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN MEMORIAL AWARDS

(Presented anonymously)

1st Prize
2nd Prize
3rd Prize

GRADE 10
SEAN LAFLEUR
JOSHUA ALBERT
JOHN TROTT

GRADE 11
ANDREW BROCHNER
RICHARD GRAHAM
KENNETH BURNS
BENJI SHAER

DISTINCTION IN FRENCH
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. W.M. Molson)
GIOVANNI GALEOTTI
TOBY LENNOX

DISTINCTION IN LITERATURE
(Presented by Mrs. G.R.H. Sims)
BENJI SHAER

DISTINCTION IN MATHEMATICS
BENJI SHAER

DISTINCTION IN GEOGRAPHY
MARK WALFORD

DISTINCTION IN HISTORY
ROBERT LANDE
DAVID SHANNON

DISTINCTION IN LATIN
(Louis Tunick Lazar Memorial)
DAMON KUTTEN

DISTINCTION IN CREATIVE WRITING
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Carsley)
KENNETH BURNS

DISTINCTION IN CHEMISTRY
BENJI SHAER

DISTINCTION IN PHYSICS
GIOVANNI GALEOTTI

DISTINCTION IN BIOLOGY
ASHVINI GURSAHANEY

DISTINCTION IN SPANISH
ANDREW NEMEC

THE PATRICK ANDERSON AWARD
FOR
POETRY WRITING
BENJI SHAER

PUBLIC SPEAKING PRIZE
Presented by
Hon. Justice G. Miller Hyde
JOHN SHANNON

THE E.C. MOODEY DEBATING PRIZE
(Presented by Mr. J.L. Aimers)
TOBY LENNOX

PRIZE FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE
(Presented by Mr. T.H.P. Molson)
RICHARD WHITEHEAD

THE ANSTEY CUP
(For Inter-House Academic Competition)
MACAULAY HOUSE

THE GOVERNORS' SHIELD
(For over-all ascendancy in inter-House Competition)
LUCAS HOUSE

THE REDPATH HERALD AWARD
JAZZ ENSEMBLE AND DANCE GROUP

THE JOCK BARCLAY MEMORIAL TROPHY
(For all-round Distinction in Grade 8)
DAVID SKINNER

THE ERNST BRANDL MEMORIAL TROPHY
(For outstanding Esprit de Corps in Grade 9)
HIRSH BERNSTEIN

THE JONATHON BENBOW MEMORIAL AWARD
(For all-round Distinction in Grade 10)
SEAN LAFLEUR

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BRONZE MEDAL
(For Academic Distinction in Senior School)
BENJI SHAER

THE THOMAS CHALMERS BRAINERD MEMORIAL AWARD
(Presented by Mr. Charles Lineaweaver and awarded to the Senior who, in the opinion of the Staff and of his classmates, has most successfully combined an exceptionally enthusiastic and purposeful approach to School activities with consistently generous concern for the welfare of others.)
GEORGE ZARIFI

THE JEFFREY RUSSEL PRIZE
(Presented by Mrs. H.Y. Russel and awarded by judgment of Staff and classmates to the Senior who is considered to have shown outstanding all-round ability and character).
ANDREW NEMEC

THE LUCAS MEDAL
(In Memory of the Founder of the School, awarded by judgment of Staff and classmates, to the Senior who is deemed to have made the most outstanding contribution to the life of the School by way of academic achievement, leadership in games and activities, and by good example.)
MARTIN OSMOND

PORTFOLIO

To celebrate the success of our new darkroom, a number of our amateur photographers have had a busy time this year. We have picked some of the work of the busiest one, Oliver Mersereau, whose pictures you see scattered throughout the book, and we reproduce them here as an example of student work. We hope you like them.

















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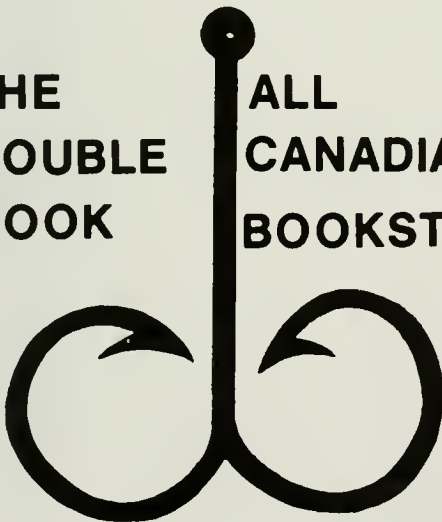
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